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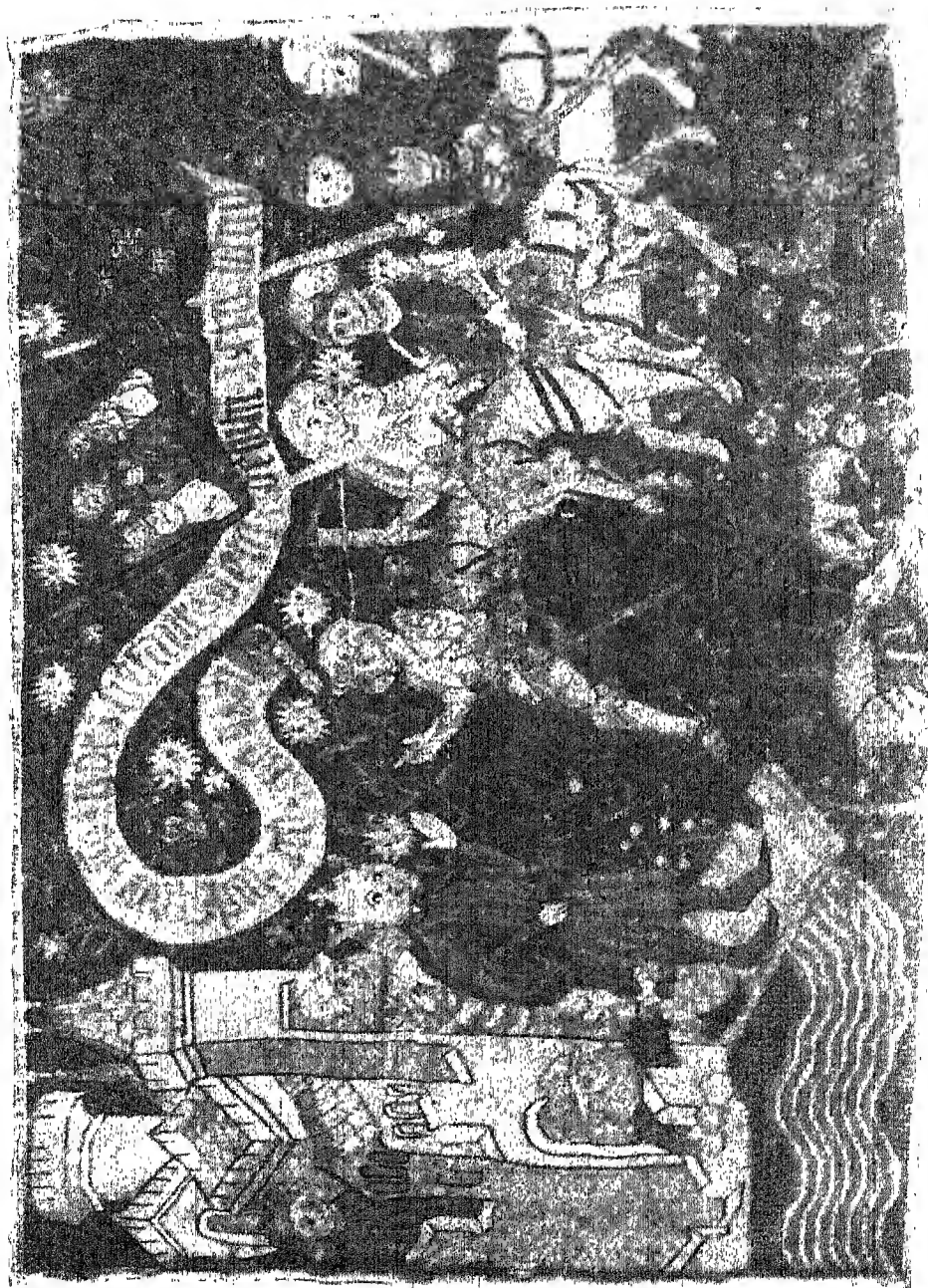
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FOR JOAN OF ARC



FOR JOAN OF ARC

AN ACT OF HOMAGE FROM NINE MEMBERS
OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

MARSHAL FOCH
LOUIS BERTRAND
GEORGES GOYAU
HENRI LAVEDAN
LOUIS MADELIN
ME HENRI-ROBERT
MGR BAUDRILLART
MAURICE BARRÈS
GABRIEL HANOTAUX

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MARSHAL FOCH FOR JOAN OF ARC

IN the year 1894 a tour by members of the General Staff, conducted by General Berge, came to the River Meuse ; and it happened that the party passed by way of Domrémy. Naturally a visit was paid to the home of Joan of Arc. I can never forget what effect it had upon our Chief. His eyes shone with tears as he left the humble dwelling so close-confined, and he said to us : " If a little peasant girl of sixteen went to General Saussier to-day and told him that she would help him to win back Alsace and Lorraine in no time, I wonder with what sceptical surprise she would be greeted." We wondered too, and made various suggestions, but he went on : " And yet Joan did that, and she did more than announce her intentions. She went to the rescue of France . . . she accomplished it . . . "

We stood there, wondering and silent. And yet the state of affairs in our country at that time was less complicated and confused than it had been when Joan was alive. The France of our day, in spite of having recently suffered heavy defeat, was a great nation, wholly united, orderly in its work and building up a true prosperity and strength.

It was quite otherwise at the beginning of the fifteenth century, a wind of disease and disaster had chilled the heart of the nation. With Charles VI. had come the final degradation of the royal power. Succeeding to the throne at twelve years, he found his authority placed in the hands of his three uncles : the Duke of Anjou, who took what money there was, the Duke of Berry, who ruled independently in Languedoc and in Guyenne, and the Duke of Burgundy, who had the child in his suite.

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Then he married Isabella of Bavaria, a woman possessed of all the vices, a harlot mother, gone mad from pleasure, capable of selling her husband, her son, and all our country for money to buy her own delight ; ally now of Burgundy, now of the English. The poor mad king was abandoned by his court, by the University, and by Parliament ; at this bankruptcy of power his provinces were held by two governments ; one sitting at Paris or at Troyes, where the queen ruled in name and Burgundy in fact ; the other at Bourges and at Poitiers led by the Dauphin, called Regent.

Armagnac, Berry and Brittany were free States rather than dependencies of the crown. And Burgundy was lord over Franche-Comte, Picardy and Flanders.

Taking advantage of this general disorder, Henry V., King of England, claiming the throne as heir to Philip, declared war in 1415. He won at Agincourt and conducted a severe and well-planned campaign after it, taking Caen and Rouen. Only the united body of all our people could have held him in check ; but each leader tried to come to terms with him. To crown all, he married Catherine of France, daughter of Charles VI. This same Charles signed, in 1419, the Treaty of Troyes, by which this Henry of Lancaster would receive after the death of the reigning King the crown and kingdom of France—" which shall remain for ever under the King of England and his heirs." Moreover Charles went with him at his entry into Paris and Notre-Dame.

Thus the Dauphin was dispossessed of the throne, ordered to come before the marble table, declared beaten, and sentenced to banishment.

He ruled then over a miserable little State, shut in by the lands of Burgundy and the English, penniless, borrowing money from his counsellors. . . .

Henry V. died in September, 1422, and to safeguard the English interests, he counselled a perpetual understanding with the Duke

FOR JOAN OF ARC

of Burgundy. Within a few weeks Charles VI. also died, and Bedford, at the tomb of the dead man, proclaimed Henry VI. King of France and England. Under the conditions of the Treaty of Troyes, and at the wish of the King of France, Charles VI., the joining of these two kingdoms was accomplished. Nothing remained but to put the new arrangement into execution. To this end the Great Council in England decided in 1427 to bring into submission to the English power any town that still held out against it, and to strike at the core of the French resistance—Orleans. Salisbury, a famous leader, was sent to the attack.

Now, as has been seen, all the powers of national resistance had died or decayed amongst the French. There only remained a people determined to survive as a nation, even though abandoned by those who should guard them. But Joan had received her mission, which was to save her country. Since 1424 she had heard those voices telling her of the "sorry plight of the Kingdom of France," and their urgency had increased as time had gone on and as one catastrophe had followed another.

But how could the peasant girl of Domrémy make herself heard and understood by the King of Bourges? Happily her effect upon the crowd was every day more marked. In February, 1428, Baudricourt, Governor of Vaucouleurs, yielding to the wishes of the people, the people which had given Joan her accoutrement and her horse, consented to receive her and listen to what she had to say. He let her set out with an escort to find the King at Chinon.

At mid-day on the 23rd of February, 1429, she left Vaucouleurs. Her journey was not an easy one: she was at Chinon by the 6th of March, and in the King's presence upon the 8th.

Difficulties and doubts met her here, as at Vaucouleurs. But she now had a definite programme. "I have come to rescue the Kingdom of France and you. And the King of Heaven orders you

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Comment le siege fut mis a orleans par les anglois.



How the English besieged Orleans

Woodcut from Vigiles de Charles VII. Printed by P. Le Caron in 1493.

FOR JOAN OF ARC

through me to become His lieutenant, who is true ruler of France. Make use of me. Things will go well. Orleans will be taken . . . ”

A meeting of doctors at Poitiers removed the last doubts, and the King decided to act. At the end of April all was made ready to raise the siege of Orleans. Enthusiasm and hope abounded.

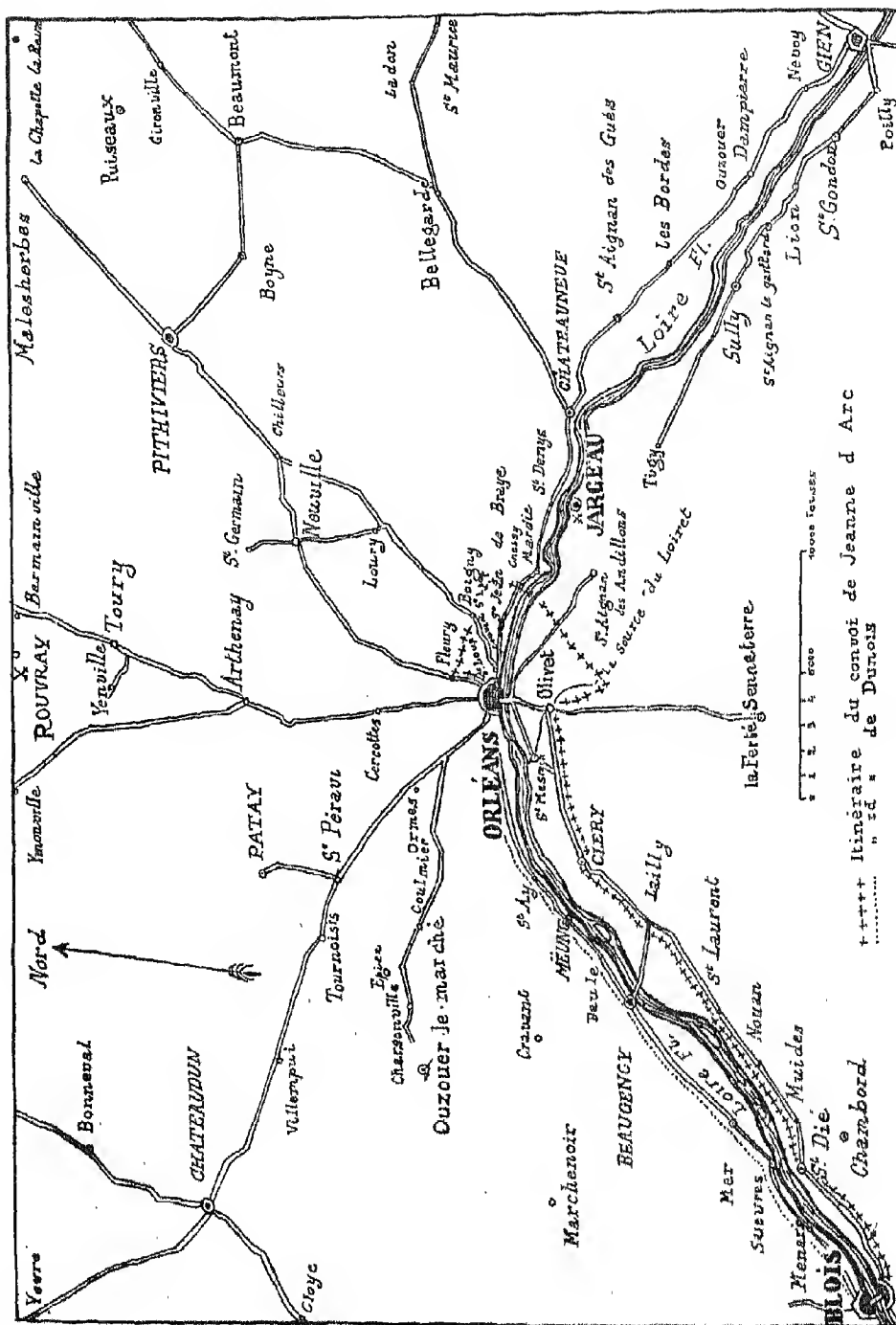
Orleans had been under siege since October, 1428. The place was particularly strong for that time : it had an unbroken wall and thirty-five towers. Situated on the right bank of the Loire, it was in touch with the left, towards Sologne, by means of a great bridge. If its garrison was not strong in regular soldiers, it was yet well manned by the townspeople ; it was commanded by Dunois.

For the English Orleans was of great importance, for it lay on the road from Guyenne, and it could serve as a base of operations against the King of Bourges. It was, in one way, the last link in their line. So that having won over the smaller places in the district, the English, with strategy and much strength, laid siege upon it from the 12th of October, 1428. They were firmly settled upon the left bank of the Loire at St. Jean-le-Blanc in Fort Augustins and in Fort Tourelles, thus cutting off communication with Blois and Bourges.

In spite of a gallant resistance, Orleans, ever more closely hedged in, was in danger of succumbing to famine in the spring of 1429 if immediate help were not at hand.

Two roads led from Blois to Orleans ; one on the right bank, the Beauce road, overlooked by many places in English hands ; the other on the left, the Sologne road, quite plainly easier of access, and yet leaving the Loire to be crossed when Orleans was reached. The left bank was chosen, and on the 27th of April began the march on Orleans.

Difficulties were greater than had been foreseen. Having marched by the Loire and come to the Loiret, the army had to board pontoons to cross to the other bank. But the place was overlooked



Itinéraire du convoi de Jeanne d'Arc
" id " de Durois

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by an English stronghold. Moreover, the river was swollen and the wind blew contrary. The English could take advantage of this to attack the relief force. The French leaders wondered if they would do well to withdraw to Blois and cross the river there.

Here Joan showed herself. She had unsuccessfully pleaded for the right bank, which led directly to the English, but the left had been chosen, and now they had to keep to it. Obstacles are never materially impassable. It would be morally disastrous to retire to Blois. As it happened, the wind changed suddenly, the pontoons were loaded, and on Friday the 29th the river was crossed and the army established on the right bank. Joan came into Orleans and the whole town acclaimed her. She wanted to attack the English forthwith, but she submitted to the advice of Dunois and waited. Her mission was not to make men wish in spite of themselves, but to place herself totally at the service of whoever had need of her.

On the 2nd of May she reconnoitred the English position. She observed that they lay on both banks of the river, inactive. The crossing of the Loire became every day an easier matter for the people of Orleans. She must take advantage of this, and from that time she considered shameful any hesitation or delay, strengthened as she was by knowing that she must fulfil her mission, by these first successes, and by the enthusiastic support of the populace.

On the 4th of May a new convoy coming from Blois along the right bank entered Orleans, and the garrison successfully attacked the stronghold of Saint-Loup to the east of the town, which had so sorely hindered the embarkation of the first relief force.

A council of war held on the 5th, Ascension Day, decided for an attack against the forts of Augustins and Saint-Laurent. In the event the greatest confusion reigned at first. The attack on Saint-Laurent took a long time to develop. Joan made for the Burgundy Gate, and was followed by the townspeople, a crossing to the left bank was effected by boats and by the fords, and a dis-

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orderly advance on Augustins was repulsed. Joan went again to the attack, stormed Augustins, and set it on fire, and then surrounded Tourelles, while the English from Saint-Pryvé withdrew from the left bank.

The night of the 6th and 7th was without quiet for the French camp. An English counter-attack on the morrow was feared. The officers with Joan were afraid to attack Tourelles, but for her part she did not hesitate. "In the name of God I shall go, and whoever loves me will follow me." Not a man held back. They made for the rampart that joined Tourelles to the ruined Augustins.

At mid-day the issue was still uncertain. In the early afternoon Joan was wounded, and at evening the officers were considering the prospect of leaving off the fight until the following day. But Joan came amongst them once more and implored them to carry on the attack. She went forth herself, and when her standard fluttered above the rampart at the head of the French columns the English retired in disorder. By now the drawbridge connecting the ramparts with Tourelles was afire. Only a few could cross it. Tourelles still stood, and thus for a whole day the fighting on the left bank continued. Meanwhile the men of Orleans, who were on the right bank, had undertaken the repair of the bridge which crossed the river by Tourelles. Soon they had set fire to the barricade which covered the fort on this flank. Attacked from two directions, the fort at length capitulated, and in the evening of that day Joan crossed over the newly-repaired bridge and entered Orleans once again. The whole town acclaimed her.

On the 8th and 9th the English withdrew all along the line. Thus ended in a few days the six-months' siege on which they had concentrated all their strength—for success there meant the final surrender of the very heart of France.

The set-back was complete; and in achieving it Joan's part had been the greatest. From the start she had seen how much

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hinged on Orleans, how vitally important it was to force the action there. With all her being she had pleaded for the enterprise, and once it had been undertaken, she had carried it through with her own strength, using to the full her power upon her followers. The professional soldiers about her had been hesitant before difficulties and dismayed at losses, they had procrastinated and would have wanted to rest before their end was attained, even at the risk of thus forewarning the enemy, of losing the benefit of sacrifices already made, of hurting the men's morale. But her vision had gone beyond theirs; she had shown them a way, and made them feel an impulse stronger than their own: it had real strategy behind it, it did not engage but with good reason, and then it did not slacken but when the end was achieved, when all energy was spent and the ultimate consequences of the action had been worked out to the full.

For Joan, inspired by her mission as she was, the springs of her action seemed to lie simply in the situation as each new day presented it: there was the enemy reserved and cautious, and shortly not a little troubled, in spite of his power and his resources; and here were her own followers, both soldiers and townspeople, with a dash and devotion and a great hope doubling their own value, and adding to their strength more surely than could an actual reinforcement. It were folly to slacken in such circumstances, and a crime to let an action drag.

From beginning to end Joan had been the moving spirit in the fight and prime factor of that tremendous force that brought the great victory to the French. And this she had been by using to the full the magnificent energy of the mass, never falsely buoying it up, though it was delicate in its way and inexperienced. Wholly vowed to her mission, she had fought for, and won, the freedom of the people by means of the people, showing all the powers of a great commander at every crisis of the fight.

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After the victory Joan went to the King, for whom the second part of her task must be accomplished ; the consecration at Reims. To this she went with the same zeal, but first the Loire country had to be cleared.

Reinforced from Orleans Joan took Jargeau, and then marched on Meung and Beaugency, which were held by English garrisons.

She was held in check here, but an unforeseen help came to her ; this was Richemont marching from Brittany with 400 lancers and 800 archers. Now Richemont was hated by Alençon and the other lords, and they threatened to leave the army if he were admitted to their company, but Joan stood out against them, and they were persuaded to let him stay. There can never be too much of France united against an invader. The English, led by Talbot, advanced to save Beaugency. They were too late. Beaugency surrendered on the night of the 17th, and Talbot, throwing up his plans, withdrew to Patay.

Here again Joan stepped in, to follow the enemy without slackening pace and to fight him as soon as contact had been made. This was the task assigned to Richemont's cavalry. There followed the great victory of Patay. On the 19th of June Joan entered Orleans for the third time.

In spite of the prestige gained by the victories on the Loire, the quarrel among the lords, which Joan had patched up for the winning of Patay, broke out again at the King's side. La Tremoille and Alençon were opposed to his receiving Richemont. Moreover, Charles was hesitant about going to Reims. The road to that town led through the lands of Burgundy. And what might be the Duke's attitude ?

There begins for Joan a time of political difficulties ; at this time they concerned only the King's immediate circle, those favourites disquieted at her influence and now banded against her.

At their counselling the indecisions of the King grew apace.

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With difficulty he persuaded himself to march for Reims. And yet the places on his road gave him safe passage and took his side. He reached Reims without fighting. On the 17th of July he was consecrated King of France before the eighteen-year-old peasant girl, in the presence of an enormous crowd, at the head of a fast-growing army, and in the midst of the greatest enthusiasm.

This was work indeed for three months, from the 17th of April to the 17th of July; with Joan inspiring and Joan driving the masses over every obstacle, Charles VII. was no longer King of Chinon or even of Bourges, but true King of France. And if he wished it, he could soon be settled in Paris.

To continue, what difficulty now remained? After the consecration it only remained to march on; four or five steps further, and the defenceless town would be reached. Indeed there was strength enough, for there was victorious enthusiasm in the army of France, and, fed upon the country which it had crossed, it would be invincible when the walls of the capital were reached. Would the Parisians let themselves be held back by the thought of those claims held out by the remote English King, who had, even at that moment, suffered reverses on the Loire?

But such simple tactics, dictated by the people's common sense, which Joan's divine mission had inspired, were so much opposed to the interests of the great lords that they could not even try to pursue them. With the sequence of victories, even those now won without battle, the influence of Joan had increased; she was putting the King's court to shame. At the same time the King's own power grew, and the great lords, until now his rivals, were disturbed to see their positions threatened.

Joan, taking in her hands the cause and the whole strength of the people, could defeat the English. But could she prevail over those great lords who divided France among themselves, dreaming ever to extend each his own boundary and his rights at the expense

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of the royal power, though this might mean either banding together against it or coming to terms with the foreigner? And could she prevail over those lesser men who surrounded the King to serve their own interests, with the hope of being numbered among the great lords in the end and working already for the realisation of that hope?

Really, to accomplish the resurrection of the country, to which Joan was bringing the whole people, the royal power needed nothing short of a national policy, needed to be free of feudalism, and, if necessary, to fight it. Charles VII. was a weak King. He let his confidence in Joan's mission be shaken by his court. Many years had to pass before feudalism died, and strong Kings had to come to the throne.

For the moment, Charles, swayed by his own timidities, sided with his feudal lords, trusting himself to that diplomacy of theirs, though it was always jealous and often treacherous, rather than to the popular effort, released by Joan, for peace before all and for the upbuilding of the country by the gathering of all its strength.

After the consecration he stayed inactive instead of marching on Paris. He did not want to force an entry, he said. He would wait until negotiations with the Duke of Burgundy should give him the freedom of the place. He hedged and hesitated and bargained, and in the end procured a fortnight's truce. Then, having taken Compiègne on the 18th of August, he signed another treaty, this time carrying the truce on for four months.

Then Joan, faced with this lifeless policy, still faithful to her mission and still followed by the men that had won her battles with her, went forward to reconquer France, though unable to enlist the King's support.

At the end of August she advanced on Paris. The Treaty of Compiègne gave Burgundy the right to oppose her attacks; they

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were checked, and Joan, with all her troops, was speedily recalled by the King.

Thus not only did Charles refuse to go forward with this building of France, but worse still, though faced with formidable men quite ready to conspire against him, he hindered Joan in her patriotic and hitherto successful course. If in the coming winter he was to display a little energy, it was only in subduing a few places hidden in the heart of Berry that still held out for Burgundy. He kept Joan back from the Ile-de-France, whilst Burgundy, in alliance with Bedford, made plans to hold the Oise as far as Compiègne, as he already held the Marne up to Meaux.

In these circumstances Joan, with her most faithful companions, went out again on April of the year 1430, without a word to the King. At Compiègne there was a skirmish with the troops of Burgundy, and Joan was taken prisoner. The English would not have rested until they had taken her. They had no illusions about her: she had been their terrible enemy who had so often worsted them. There would be no rest for them until she was out of the world. And hence came her condemnation and her martyrdom.

Her mission was unfulfilled, for the King had deserted her in that sacred cause to which she had been called by her voices. But even this unfinished work bears witness to-day to the mighty force that true national feeling may put into the people of France. There lies a lesson for the future.

The centuries have passed. Justice has been rendered to Joan and to her work. Not far from the little home that she had left behind her a great Basilica now springs, consecrating her greatness and her sacrifice in the country's cause. If stone monuments mark the trail back across history and through the patterns of the past, they also point to the high road for each new generation.

When the question arose of defending the country, the youth of France soon saw the way marked out by the spire of Domrémy,

FOR JOAN OF ARC

that tower whence they derive power and understanding, and which radiates all that exalts and strengthens the soul. Long columns have marched beside the Basilica, and officers and men have measured the heights to which duty in a sacred cause can rise.

It is the same in the making of those meant for the General Staff, the army's brain. In their lessons of strategy and tactics they have often come to the banks of the Meuse. And many a time the instructor, seeking the unfathomable secret of victory, having analysed, dissected and weighed the forces coming into play, with lengthy argument and without his answer, has turned to his pupils to show them the spire of Domrémy. It rises in the valley like a lighthouse, flashing out the astonishing message of Joan, how to make ready for action and how to go through with it, and how in the end to make the cause of justice win, giving to it both body and soul, holding nothing back.

When 1914 came the Marne bore witness to those banks of the Meuse. From them our army drew its bravery and faith in its country to go yet further with the work of Joan of Arc.

LOUIS BERTRAND
JOAN IN LORRAINE

JOAN of Arc is not a literary subject. However great a writer may be, every time he approaches the subject he may be said to be conquered by it. A word from Joan's mouth, an actual word taken down by a court clerk, makes the most beautiful turns of phrase seem vain and pretentious. She has the simplicity of great, absolute and abstract ideas, opening up immense vistas to the imagination, but offering, so to speak, no hold to the mind. I find her well enough symbolised by that heraldic figure, afterwards the blazon of the gods; between lilies, a naked sword pointing to heaven. . . .

I shall therefore speak of her quite simply. Although I intend to portray Joan as she was in her village in Lorraine (I need hardly say that I use the word "Lorraine" in its geographical, not its historical sense), I shall do my best to avoid relying too much upon the problematical influence of spiritual or material environment. Saints, like men of genius, are only saints by escaping the fate laid upon them by birth and surroundings. They belong to no country, they are from *elsewhere*. The influences of country, race and heredity upon them come down either to morbid traits or show themselves in what is lowly and more ordinary in these exceptional souls.

* * * *

To keep a right proportion in such matters, we have only to take counsel of the quiet countryside upon which Joan's eyes first opened. It is discretion itself. Even apart from the memories it conjures up, it is profoundly affecting, and yet there are no very striking characteristics or unusual colouring. Nothing could be

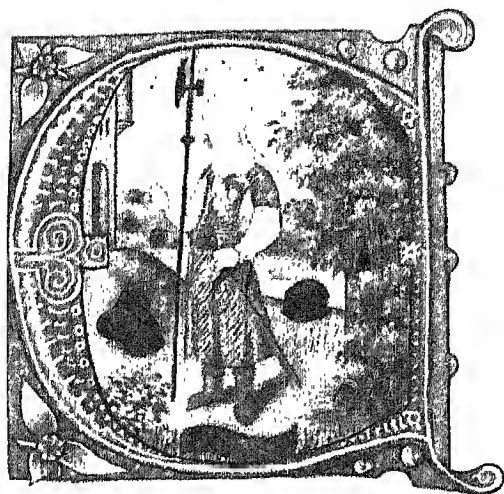
FOR JOAN OF ARC

less material in its charm than this valley where the Meuse takes its rise.

No doubt the country no longer looks just as it did in the time of the Maid. Springs have dried up, or been deflected from their course. The "Island" and the "Château" mentioned by her in her cross-examinations have disappeared. Much of the forest land has been cleared, beginning with the famous Chenu wood, to-day little more than a skeleton. But the essential still remains. The great sweeping lines and the depth of the horizon are the first things in the landscape to greet the eye. The Meuse, still a small stream, mostly invisible, a slender liquid ribbon, winds along a valley of astonishing width, excessive at first sight if we forget the coming glory of the river, grown into a mighty flood rivalling the Rhine. The valley is bordered by hills of medium size, crowned with woods, their outlines clear-cut, but with little vigour. The valley stretches out indefinitely towards wide open spaces, immense vistas. From the plateau of the Chenu wood the view extends through the cleft of Neufchâteau to the furthest limits of the horizon. Between the promontory formed by the hill where Julian's camp lies and the spur of the Chenu wood distance unfolds into distance, as if a curtain had just risen on some perspective too immense for the eye to take in. In the background other hills are vaguely outlined, indefinite in colour. But as a whole the view is majestic, austere, grave, full of a melancholy that stirs the soul more deeply than it delights the eye.

That, in its simplest lines, is Joan's birthplace. If a feeling for breadth of all kinds had not been congenital to her, she might be said to have learnt her breadth of vision on the heights of Chenu wood.

The rural landscape of the valley is delightful. The fields where the youthful Meuse, still little more than a spring, ties and unties itself in endless meanderings, are covered with groves, with willow



JOAN IN LORRAINE

and poplar. As in Joan's time, peaceful cows move solemnly in the long grass. The meadows are full of flowers and bees. The abundance and the sweetness of the flowers in season seem to give the dairy produce of the district a savour rightly extolled by the peasants and turned by them to their advantage. Perhaps it is not without its importance that Joan's countryside, almost forbidding in its austerity, should have softer aspects as well, that it should be scented here and there with the good smells of milk and farming.

Most striking of all in this valley of the Meuse is the number of sanctuaries. From the outskirts of the Chenu wood the steeple of Saint Elophe would have been, so to speak, within a stone's throw of Joan. In her piety she must have made pilgrimages to the shrine of Saint Liberius, preserved in the church of Grand, and have brought bunches of flowers and wreaths, or set up candles to Our Lady of Bermont. There must have been some sort of sanctuary or hermitage in Chenu wood itself, on the spot where Etienne Hordal built a Lady Chapel at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Churches and chapels followed each other in uninterrupted procession, like stations of the Cross, as far as the underground chapel to Our Lady of France and Vaucouleurs, that crypt where Joan as a girl so loved to pray and meditate. The Maid passed her life in this countryside, if not in an atmosphere of exalted piety, certainly in one of deep and real spirituality; religious influences perhaps gain a greater hold over the soul in such majestic and melancholy surroundings, formed, like the faces of certain priests, of a mixture of gentleness and severity.

There in the little village of Domrémy, dependent as a parish on the neighbouring village of Greux, Joan was born on January 6th, 1412.

Her parents were not exactly poor. For country-folk they were comfortably off. Jacques d'Arc, her father, is given among the notables of the village, immediately after the mayor and aldermen,

FOR JOAN OF ARC

The 1st May 1429

Silver mark

Seventeen sous

Of the Maid

Joan

The second of June 1429

the said Lord King, knowing the prowess of Joan the Maid and the victories which came of God's bestowing and His counsel, gave, being in the town of Chinon, arms to the said Joan for her banner and herself, according to the pattern which follows, giving charge to the Duke d'Alençon and to Joan of the siege of Jargeau.

JOAN IN LORRAINE

20 primum fore & magis
my & bright

(Maur-Darg. in) p. 10 f

pucele
Zur y some d'efung y m' l'air - Jehanne/
L'ay se Roy aient fongue L'ay p'roffit
D'Jehan le p'celler et victorie du
Roy de d'nn et sy fongue f'abondance
Comme estant y la ville de Agincourt
Armoysins L'ay Jehanne pour se f'onder
e sy d'nn du patroy qui f'usent
Comme Agincourt au d'nn d'Albion
e a f'ellu Jehanne du f'ieu de
Jehan



Grant of arms to Joan of Arc by King Charles VII. Bibl. Nat. Ms. fr. 5524 *Evaluation des monnaies d'or et d'argent.*

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as leading citizen or reeve. He owned property; a house, near the church, still standing to this day. It is much restored and changed, but even before the improvements were made it must have been quite a fine building. Jacques d'Arc also had fields and cattle, what is called in Lorraine a *train de culture*. These facts were brought to light by Joan's cross-examinations and the process of rehabilitation.

We are told that her mother, Isabelle Romée, was a most devout woman. In proof of this is adduced the fact that she taught her daughter the *Pater*, *Ave Maria* and *Credo*. Every good mother in Lorraine taught her children these prayers in my time without being taken for pious. It is supposed that "Romée" was given to her as a kind of nickname, in honour of her having made a pilgrimage to Rome. An entirely gratuitous hypothesis. In any case great religious significance is attached to her pilgrimage to Our Lady of Puy, in 1429, when her daughter, a fugitive from home, was with the King at Chinon. Surely it is quite natural that she should have gone after a daughter who was so well received at court, and taken advantage of a pilgrimage to get closer to her. Besides, Joan's family, her brothers, Peter and John, and her Uncle Durand Laxart also set off after her with rather suspicious zeal. Certainly it was they that gained most by her preferment, and even made money out of it. In parenthesis, is it surprising that Joan's mother and brothers could make such a long journey without being molested? France in those days was not then so utterly disordered, so completely at the mercy of the soldiery, as one would have us believe. Whether this be so or not, there seems little evidence of any striking piety on the part of the Maid's mother. All we can say with certainty of Jacques d'Arc's family is that they were honest, good Catholics, and well reputed.

If we look at the life led by the Domrémy children to-day, Joan's childhood at home can easily be imagined. Domrémy in

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summer is delightful. But in bad weather—in other words, during the greater part of the year—there is little to attract, even leaving out of account the severity of peasant life in Lorraine. Poor Joan must have led a very rough life in that little house near the church. For one so avid of dreams and solitude, the continuous promiscuity must have been her hardest trial. Animals and people jostled one another. In that small home the cow-house, stable, and granary took up almost all the available space. We are shown Joan's room, a kind of cellar barely lighted from a dormer window. I cannot believe she slept there. In Lorraine people used to sleep in the kitchen. What prevents me from thinking that Joan slept there is the story told to show her charity by her fellow-countrywoman, Isabelle Gérardin. "She was hospitable to the poor, and to let them sleep in her bed, she used herself to sleep on the hearthstone."

A daughter of peasants, she worked hard. In Lorraine women work like men. She seems to have preferred the more homely work of sewing and spinning, as leaving her more freedom for recollection and prayer. As far as dressmaking is concerned, she herself emphatically declared before her judges that she was extremely good at it, the equal of any woman in Rouen.

Was she a shepherdess? Legend says she was. We see her, distaff in hand, spinning amid her sheep, or on her knees at the Angelus leaning on her crook. This poetic fancy was created later, especially after the process of rehabilitation, where the witnesses cannot always be taken literally. They seem to be saying what they feel they ought to say; and when all is said and done, can we have absolute confidence in childhood memories forty years old? The little shepherdess seems to have been invented at the time of Chinon and Poitiers to bring into relief the miraculous character of her mission. It is true that her enemies, the Burgundians and the English, disparaged her by calling her "cowherd," but a cowherd is not a shepherdess. Joan could not have been a

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shepherdess. There was, doubtless, an official shepherd at Domrémy to lead the village sheep to pasture, and not a single text exists authorising us to say that she tended the sheep. Perhaps she looked after the village cows with those of her father. But it is noteworthy that she denied it on several occasions. She had no desire to be taken for a cowherd. To select one out of several such statements, she said to her judges at Rouen: "I did not tend the animals in common (*communiter*), but helped to guide them to the meadow and château called 'The Island' for fear of the soldiery. I cannot remember whether I tended them or not when I was younger."

As a rule this statement is wrongly translated, and wrongly understood. "*Communiter*" is translated "commonly"; "I did not *commonly* tend the animals . . ." To me this is not the meaning. Another text from the process of rehabilitation goes far to prove it; a statement made by a Domrémy villager, the widow Estellin, who says that the village herd was tended in turn (*in turnum*) by the villagers. Each family, according to a prearranged order, had to supply what was called in Lorraine a *pâtureau* or a *pâturelle*, a boy or a girl. Very probably several *pâtureaux* and *pâturelles* were required to tend this collective herd. "Sometimes," said the widow Estellin, "when it was her father's turn, she tended the animals and the Domrémy herd." Possibly the word "herd" (*pecus*) here, according to the real meaning of the Latin, included the sheep and pigs of the village, as well as the cows and horses. Whether this be true or not, Joan energetically denies having tended either the one or the other. Of course, when an alarm was raised, she helped the neighbours to push the animals into the enclosure, and to the "Island Château"; in that she was only acting like every one else. As regards having tended them when a child, she may well have done so like other children, but she does not remember.

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These denials give food for thought. Why should Joan object to being accused of tending the animals? Was it because she was "Madame the Maid," as they said, a personage with one foot on the steps of the throne? Such vanity seems quite foreign to her character, if not in the opinion of those who initiated the process of rehabilitation. According to witnesses certainly called by them, Joan only tended the animals "sometimes" (*aliquotiens*), and if we may dare to say so, as an amateur. Charles VII. had no desire to be saved by a "cowherd." I suppose the real reason was a moral one. The judges at Rouen were trying to prove that she had led an evil life consorting, as servant in an inn, with troopers and other unsavoury characters. She must have suspected insinuations of this kind in the question put by the ecclesiastics as to whether she had guarded the animals. The games played by the shepherds and shepherdesses in the fields were not always entirely innocent. What a splendid argument against her, if they could only prove that she too had played these games! . . .

She flatly denies their villainous insinuations: "No, she did not tend the animals in common with the village girls and boys."

I must admit that I am not in the least offended by this categorical interpretation. Joan with her crook, amidst her sheep, never appealed to me very strongly. I found it difficult to make out the warrior woman in this rather sentimental guise.

* * * *

This did not keep her from looking after the animals belonging to her own home, in the stable or the cow-house. Did she show the tenderness of Saint Francis for animals, especially lambs? She certainly took care of them, fed and watered them. Such work is still done at the present day by the Lorraine women. She must have ridden early. In those days every one rode. She used to go ploughing with her father (*ibat ad aratrum*, says the burlesque Latin of her judges). While her father held the two handles of the

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plough, she guided the horses, plunged up to her ankles in the churned soil, detaching with her whip clods stuck to the plough-share. There is nothing out of the ordinary in all that ; Joan took the place of her brothers like every other peasant girl in Domrémy.

In the same way she helped to gather the harvest and bring in the hay, and to bind the sheaves and pile them on the carts—no easy task beneath the midsummer sun ! Imagine her with her peasant's hat, her clogs and the red fustian dress with black lines that she wore when she went to Vaucouleurs to ask Robert of Baudricourt for an escort to accompany her into France to the help of the Dauphin. In my childhood countrywomen in Lorraine still wore this skirt of red fustian.

In fine Joan lived as the rest of the village, sharing in their joys as in their work and sufferings. On *Lætare* Sunday she used to " do the springs," as they called it, with the other Domrémy girls. To " do the springs " meant that she went to drink the water from springs previously blessed by the priest at a special ceremony. They made a feast under the Fairy Tree, an enormous old beech, whose branches, almost sweeping the earth, formed a kind of natural tent. They stretched a fine white cloth on the grass, and on it was laid bread specially prepared for the feast. They ate frugally, and washed it down with pale wine brought from home. Then they amused themselves by hanging garlands to the branches of the tree, in all probability hawthorn, as it was spring ; for if we may believe a witness, Gérardin d'Epinal, the tree was " beautiful as if covered with lilies " : *quia tunc est pulchra sicut lilia*. Jokes were bandied about ; there was dancing and singing. And after a day of honest enjoyment they went off in peace to their homes.

How close these country customs are to our times, and how modest the fare of these Domrémy peasants—a white cloth laid out on the grass, pale wine and bread brought from home ! We are far removed from the man-faced animals portrayed for us by

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conventional history, and which it would like us to take for the true peasants of former times. In these songs and dances, these pilgrimages to the springs, there lies a whole body of rustic poetry, surprising in its freshness and delicacy. But even more surprising are the depositions of the contemporary witnesses ; we feel how little distant they are from us. These peasants have such a fineness of feeling, cultivated throughout centuries of civilisation ; they express our thoughts just as we would have expressed them. In them we see our own ancestry. . . .

Joan was one with these peasants. She did just as every one else did, behaving like the other girls of her own age. And yet she kept herself apart ; she went away from the other children to recollect herself or to pray. She had an unusual taste for solitude, and thus gained a reputation for being peculiar. Boys in particular teased her for being too reserved and devout, when from time to time she would go off alone or kneel down and cross herself at the first stroke of the Angelus, a girl too often seen in church or in the chapels and hermitages round about. Joan seems to have marked out two of her companions for special comradeship, no doubt because they did not tease, and were more understanding and sensitive than the others. These were her two friends Mengette and Hauviette. The latter in particular was constantly with Joan, and even slept with her ; *jacuit amorose*, as the cross-examination record puts it, with a freedom of language that would be surprising in the case of any one but the Maid. Doubtless they were also the most pious girls in the village ; that alone would have been enough to mark them out for the warm affection of the future saint. . . .

* * * *

In the midst of this humble hard life Joan knew (chosen souls know these things instinctively and immediately) that she was not meant to live and die in Domrémy. Devoted to the parish as she was, she did not belong to it, but elsewhere. She was a child of

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Heaven, and could have no other home than in God. Without the least pride, without looking down on others, she rose above the coarseness of those around her. She loved solitude as an avenue of escape, finding it in the woods, but above all in church. Amid the mud and refuse of Domrémy, the church was her refuge. There she could be herself; only there could she find companionship. She was in no way dazzled when she saw the little court at Chinon; she had already seen the heavenly court. What is an earthly king compared with the King of Heaven?

The solitude she sought in the church at Domrémy, in the Chapel of Our Lady of Bermont, in the woods and under the Fairy Tree, was used against her later and twisted into a crime. Pedantic theologians were convinced that she cut herself off from her companions in order to have intercourse with evil spirits. They wished to make her out a witch, who kept appointments with demons, was obedient to their suggestions, offered them wreaths, dug up mandrakes to help her in weaving magical spells, and flew through the air with elves and spirits; practices utterly repugnant to the frank and innocent character of Joan. Even if she had not energetically protested against these calumnies, a mere glance at her character, her life, and her utter purity of speech would have sufficed to rebut them. It was not at all like her; we can hardly imagine her astride a broomstick flying to attend a witches' sabbath. . . .

On the plea of Celtic influences much too much has been made of the springs, trees, and fairies in Joan's life, and to survivals from ancient pagan cults alleged to have had a hidden effect on her soul. No naturalistic tendencies have been found in her. She took refuge in the woods or in the church simply because she wanted to be alone with her voices, with the messengers of the Kingdom of God—to get as near to God as possible. A dangerous plea! The world loathes solitaries. The Church only suffers them in a

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cloistered setting, with its rules and community life, and even then always regards them with suspicion. At the same time she is well aware that God shows Himself only to solitaries, and that all great saints have longed with all their hearts to be alone. St. Teresa was not sufficiently alone in her convent of the Incarnation; she had to create a life of solitude for herself, a convent where she would really be at home with a few nuns. Thus Joan, cast into Rouen prison, surrounded by noisy and coarse soldiers, looked back with regret to her lost solitude at Domrémy: "If only I were in the woods," she said, "I should certainly hear my voices!" . . .

The Church hedges in this right to be alone with innumerable precautions, not always sufficient in her own eyes. Even in her convent, with confessors and theologians at every hand, to calm her conscience, St. Teresa was still able to shock many pious people by her visions, to such an extent that she was threatened that her case would be referred to the Inquisition. Joan of Arc would have been just as shocking as a nun. It is so difficult to be a saint! Authority is prepared against the terrible and ever dangerous solicitations of solitude.

* * * *

For Joan the solitude of the woods and the church was redolent of God and nothing else. She was devout and went to confession and communion as often as was then possible; in other words, not very often. This deprivation served only to increase her fervour.

It has been said that her devotion was aroused by the mendicant friars who heard her confession; it is quite possible. At the same time we should not forget that the Franciscans appear for the first time in her life during her short stay at Neufchâteau; she herself tells us that one of them heard her confession. Although there is more than one characteristic common to the religious spirit of Joan and that of Francis, there seems no very cogent reason for

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introducing Franciscan influence to explain her mysticism. She had hardly reached the age of reason when she was to be seen on her knees in the church of Domrémy or in the chapel of Our Lady of Bermont, sobbing at the foot of the crucifix. In the crypt of Our Lady of France at Vaucouleurs the sacristan came upon her one day prostrate, her face pressed to the ground, before Our Lady's statue.

To hear her voices she did not seem to have required any spiritual training or preparation. At thirteen years of age, the day after her first Communion, she had her first vision. It took place at noon one summer while the Angelus was ringing, in her father's garden two paces from the church. She was destined to receive such heavenly communications again and again afterwards, but the meaning was almost always the same. From the very first the counsel she received came to this ; to keep herself upright and pure, and to prepare to leave for France with a purpose that would be gradually revealed to her.

That is the fact. Attempts have been made to explain it on natural grounds. Such explanations are never really satisfying, based as they are on more or less gratuitous hypotheses. Joan is supposed to have had her visions suggested to her. Priests, confessors, monks, all play their part in this pious comedy. They whisper into Joan's ear that she is to go and deliver Orleans. There is absolutely nothing in the Maid's life to support such a theory. Documents from two legal processes go to show that the *cure* of Domrémy and the other priests of the district only had quite accidental or infrequent relations with her, and in any case had no influence upon her. A prophecy that seems to have been current in France at the time is also brought forward as evidence ; a virgin from Lorraine would undo what another had done. Was Joan aware of this prophecy, in one of its many widely divergent forms ? According to her own statement under cross-examination, she only

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learnt of it on reaching Chinon, when she was asked if she was not this virgin they were expecting. Twenty years later, when imagination had been at work, Joan's fellow-countrymen said she had mentioned the prophecy to them. In any case this was only just before leaving France, so it would look as though at the most this prophecy acted as a confirmation of the command given her by her voices.

It is natural enough that the message should have taken the form of persons known to this simple child; St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret, so popular at that time in Lorraine and throughout France. What is the point of hunting for some worm-eaten statue hidden away in a corner of the church at Maxey or Domrémy, and of wondering whether this was not the statue that shaped the Maid's visions? The essential point is not the presence of St. Michael, St. Catherine or St. Margaret—Joan ended by admitting that she had hardly seen anything but their faces—but that order given to a child of thirteen, so utterly beyond her powers and intelligence. Little by little, as her mission took on more definite lines, she became transfigured and filled with a new strength. The essential point is that prodigious increase of will-power and intelligence—that practical understanding of ends and means, of the human and the divine. And then that incomprehensible boldness in a young country girl, that certainty of being sent by God. She treats Sovereigns as equals. Note her tone when writing to the King of England, calling upon him to evacuate France, her manner of speaking to ecclesiastics, to learned doctors of the Church, to Bishop Cauchon himself: "Bishop, you say you are a judge. Mind what you are doing. I am sent by God and you put yourself in grave danger." In her eyes God alone stood surety for her mission. How frank and calmly confident was the prayer composed by her in prison, when she did not know how to reply to her judges: "Most Sweet God, in the name of Your

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Holy Passion, I beseech You, *if You love me*, to tell me what I ought to reply to these ecclesiastics . . . ”

These revelations not only result in an extraordinary heightening of her will and mind, but are a veritable light revealing Joan to herself. From then onwards she knew she was holy. When in touch with her voices, she said, she felt herself in a state of grace. When the voices were no longer there, they left a terrible void in her. Before her lay a task hard to carry out, with martyrdom at the end. . . . But nothing can tell us so much as to hear her own words about her visions : “ I saw them,” she said, “ with my bodily eyes as well as I see you. And when they left me, I wept and longed for them to take me away with them ! . . . ”

When asked how she knew it was St. Michael, she answered : “ By his speech, by *the language of the angels* ! ” The first time she saw him he was surrounded by a multitude of angels. She was not in the least surprised and naively explained why to her judges : “ They often visit Christians, though no one sees them—I have often seen them among Christians . . . ”

Doubtless at a single stroke this extraordinary gift raised the simple girl to a height only reached by great mystics after long years of spiritual toil and unheard of trials and sufferings. Obviously St. Joan’s mystical states cannot be identified with the states of prayer enjoyed by a St. John of the Cross or a St. Teresa. Her ecstasies are less learned, less profound. But they were true ecstasies, and if she did not have the same entire union and utter absorption in God, she was in communion with heavenly spirits, she had visions. Several of St. Joan’s visions seem to have been entirely intellectual, unconnected with any sensible phenomena, like that presence of God, certain, but inexpressible, enjoyed by St. Teresa at the end of her ecstasies. Where Joan perhaps surpassed her was in her candour, her absolute innocence, her entire self-

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donation and abandonment to the Divine Will. For this reason the country girl, who also "knew nothing but her soul," may have been nearer to God than the greatest mystics with all their agonised ascetical efforts. . . .

* * * *

Joan's rapturous longing for her voices has carried us far from Lorraine. Much more important to her was the salvation of her soul than the safety of the Kingdom of France. She carried out her mission with no other aim than to save her soul. She loved the kingdom of the lilies, but her soul aspired more ardently to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Now at last we can amuse ourselves by tracing the possible influences of environment on a soul of this kind. How did Lorraine mark Joan of Arc? The characteristics are as clear as daylight. The peasant girl arriving at Vaucouleurs to see the Lord of Baudricourt, with her red fustian skirt, powerfully built, loose-limbed, black-haired, fitting so easily into masculine breeches, buckling on a breast-plate, and setting a helmet on her head, was a good Meusienne speaking with the tongue of her village, without any fear of rough or popular words.

Speaking of a sword she took from a Burgundian, she said that it was excellent for "giving good whacks and wallops."

She always answered tit for tat in the Lorraine manner, swift and cutting, shutting the mouth of her questioner, either crushingly, like the blow of a hammer, or with jeering peasant irony. When her judges asked her, not very decently, whether St. Michael was naked when he appeared to her :

"Do you think," she answered, "Our Lord had nothing to clothe him with?"

Or again, when they wanted to know if he had any hair :

"Why ever should they cut it off?" replied Joan mockingly.

When she reached Troyes, the inhabitants did not dare to come

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near her. They looked upon her as a witch, quite capable of raising herself into the air should she so wish.

"Come on, don't be afraid," she said, "I won't fly away."

And to Catherine of Rochelle, a pretender they tried to set up against her, who also claimed to have had apparitions :

"Go home, and look after your husband and children."

She had the positive mentality of our peasants, a sound, slightly coarse common sense, rather close to earth. She was cautious like all of us, a little suspicious of every one and every thing, including herself. She had taken a vow of virginity—perhaps it was an imprudent step : she added this wise correction : "As long as God pleases." After all a good fellow might turn up later. In point of fact, it is hard to imagine Joan of Arc married, the mother of a family, set up for life, an honoured and powerful matron. And yet, before leaving Orleans for the King's consecration, like the prudent and far-seeing person she was, we are told she took a long lease of a hotel "in the Rue des Petits-Souliers, Parish of Saint-Maclou, near the apse of Saint Catherine's church." Was she expecting to end her days in Orleans ?

She was a practical girl, and knew how to count. Disinterested as she was, she was fully aware of the value of the King's presents, and when questioned about them said immediately : "They amount fully to twelve thousand crowns."

What more is there to add ? That the piety of Lorraine fashioned her soul ? That the steeple of Saint Elophe and the sanctuary of St. Liberius fired her imagination ? That she heard a preacher tell the story of the two martyrs ? That these two victims of tyranny taught her how to resist tyranny, and that thence came her idea of hunting the English out of France ? All these are no more than side-tracks in archæology and history, pretexts for finding ingenious resemblances, bases for hypotheses as fragile as houses of cards. The story of the Maid is so much wider than the horizon of Dom-

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rémy that we do not dare to make too great a point of such insignificant details. It is no doubt hard to imagine her born elsewhere than in Lorraine, a warlike countryside continually harassed by the enemy. But she belongs to France much more than to Lorraine by the generosity of her heart, her spirit of independence, her love of justice, truth and clarity. She belongs to the whole world, the world of souls, by her thirst for Heaven and her angelic nature. If we from Lorraine call her "La Bonne Lorraine," we do so first and foremost because of the honour she does us. We are only too well aware that she owes nothing more to our soil than to have eaten its bread and breathed the air of its woods and meadows.

GEORGES GOYAU
THE MAID'S MISSION

FRANCE for the French ! The bourgeois or peasants of the twelfth century, without as yet seeking to find a formula to express their will to exist as a nation, rose up instinctively against the contracts, treaties, and acts of violence by which the English had gained control over France, and came without great difficulty to look upon the English as intruders. Even between 1160 and 1180, Wace, author of the *Roman de Rou*, wrote :—

*Si les Français pouvaient leur pensée achever,
Jà le roi d'Angleterre n'aurait rien deçà mer.
A honte l'en feraient, s'ils le pouvaient, passer.*

The French could not as yet “consummate their desire,” to use Wace’s expression, because the Franco-English question, for the courts and lawyers of the time, was merely one of feudal tenure. However, the feeling was gradually stirring in the depths of men’s consciousness, a feeling far deeper than all the complications underlying the entanglement of overlordships and dependencies ; to the subtleties of feudal France were opposed the first clear lights of national consciousness.

The people—Wace already calls them Frenchmen—saw the English once again back and across the sea, as the term of those unaccomplished desires diagnosed by Wace. All else was subservient to this, the ideal longed for by Guillaume l’Alouette and Grand Ferré, who, two centuries later, just before Charles V. took the Government in his own hands, “with two hundred companions, smote the English as they were used to thresh corn in the granary.” At the beginning of the Hundred Years War there

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had been "a goodly number of French communes" to vex and harass the troops of the English King on the road from Caen to Crécy; but the first two Valois Kings rather looked down upon this "rabble." With the coming of Charles V., the royal power made amends; the instinct of nationalism was called up to defend the nation. Anxious to wear the English out, to "nibble at them," as the expression goes since Joffre, the King appealed for resistance to the leading towns. Just after the Poitiers disaster a popular ditty offered the blood of this diminutive people to Charles, saying:

*Si le roi est bien conseillé, il n'oubliera mie
Mener Jacques Bonhomme en sa grant compaignie.*

Charles V. was "well advised." During his reign the war was no longer merely a joust between two sets of knights, but France itself rising to arms, and with it the people born on her soil and destined to return to it; who loved in her their cradle and their tomb.

Even where there was submission to the English occupation, the approach of Du Guesclin with his little army almost produced a revolution among the people. The King of England himself in a letter dated 1st of July, 1370, to the Duke of Lancaster, acknowledged that the loss of Aquitaine was due quite as much to the inhabitants, *ipsorum incolarum voluntate spontanea*, as to the King of France.

*Qui les aurait ouverts, ainsi qu'un porc lardé,
Aurait en leur cœur la fleur de lis trouvé.*

Thus Cuvelier described the inhabitants of Poitiers in his poem on Bertrand du Guesclin, expressing the joy they felt that year, when they saw appear once more before their walls the *fleur de lis*, *fleur de consolation*. During the reign of Charles V., no evil suspicions, no poisonous breath came to tempt the lily's purity. But

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half a century later a cloud overcast the Kingdom of France. The Dauphin doubted his legitimacy and right to the throne, and the *fleur de lis* appeared faded, even withered. Where, then, was the King who, as a poet of the time urged Philippe VI. of Valois, would make himself—

. . . *Seigneur droit clamer*
De tout ce qui est en deçà mer,

and would announce to his neighbours beyond the Channel—

Soit la mer borne et dessevrance
*De l'Angleterre et de la France !*¹

Three quarters of a century of war had already succeeded in engraving in the hearts of the French some understanding of what France should be. "No Englishman was ever King of France nor ever shall be," exclaimed Prior Guillaume, Superior of the Carmelites at Reims; and rather than have an Englishman for king, 1,500 women left Honfleur, and 20,000 bourgeois left Caen, with nothing but their clothes and their hunger, to avoid "falling into the hands of the ancient enemies of this Kingdom." Perrette de la Rivière left La Roche-Guyon with her three children; Colin Bouquet, a workman, left the Caen region with his wife, she for "France" and he for Languedoc; while Rouen, where the English later killed Joan, was only ready to become English after a six-months' siege, at the end of which its brave citizens, "eyes hollow, noses pinched, complexions like that of the dead, could hardly breathe or speak."²

From then on what was the use of protests, resistance, rebellions, while the clauses of the pernicious Treaty of Troyes stood fast like a kind of official statement, clauses that Juvenal des Ursins said

¹ *Dit de la rébellion d'Angleterre et de France* (Jubinal, *Nouveau recueil de contes, dits, fabliaux*, I, p. 73, Paris, 1839).

² Georges Grosjean, *Le Sentiment national dans la guerre de Cent Ans*, Paris, 1927.

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later were not fit to repeat "on account of their iniquity and wickedness" ? Charles VI. had signed them. He had disavowed, disinherited his son, the Dauphin ; in Paris, the very heart of France, public opinion was so twisted and falsified, that in 1422, when Henry V. of England, son-in-law and heir presumptive to the King of France, died at Vincennes, the poor people wept. The lofty heights on which the throne stood were soon clouded over, just as the unbalanced brain of the unhappy Charles VI. ; and when he died, two months after his son-in-law, the great-grandchildren of the Frenchmen mentioned by Wace no longer knew who was their master. The Dauphin of doubtful repute, tainted with the stigma of bastardy ? or the little Henry VI. of England, rocked in a cradle ?

In 1429 the English forces took advantage of this disorder and prepared an offensive against Orleans, the news of which brought anguish to many cities ; from Tours, Bourges, Poitiers, Blois, Angers reinforcements were sent up, and from La Rochelle, Albi and Montpellier food was rushed in carts to the city on the banks of the Loire. . . . But even granting that Orleans was delivered, what would come after ? Where was their King ? Unfortunately the Dauphin himself was the first to ask this question ; he had no faith in his blood, and his Chamberlain Boisy shows him later " saying within his heart, without pronouncing a word, that if it were possible that he was the true heir and descendant of the noble house of France and that the Kingdom justly belonged to him, might the Lord be so gracious as to guard and defend him or at least let him escape without death or prison and permit him to reach Spain or Scotland in safety." What a terrible period ! For half a century, as Robert de Lasteyrie points out, Gothic art was at a standstill, as though in this moment of crisis stones as well as hearts had become fearful of raising themselves to God.

Then Joan appeared ; all Joan said in answer to Charles' prayer

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was "gentle Dauphin," and this reply saved French nationality. "Gentle" he was, this Dauphin, well born. In the name of Heaven, in the name of her voices, by the mere fact of the mysterious sign she gave to the Dauphin at Chinon, Joan tore up the Treaty of Troyes. The shameful lie sanctioned diplomatically by the English, French and Burgundian Chanceries was for ever swept away; the Dauphin began to believe in his descent, the people in their King. Joan's soldiers and the people of Orleans, to whom all eyes in France were turned, knew thenceforth that their victory would be symbolised by a new flowering of the lily, at last protected from any befouling. They could now clearly make out the throne before them, and the rightful heir to it was plain to see. Joan, sword in hand, with a word and a "sign" had brought light into the darkness where French patriotism floundered. By reinstating the King, she ensured the survival of France. Joan put an end to the Dauphin's uncertainty as to his own claims, and the uncertainty of public opinion as to the Dauphin's claims. Even before the siege of Orleans was raised, a Latin poem of sixteen verses said of the Maid: "A maiden clad in men's garments hastens, urged thereto by God, to raise up from His lowly estate the King who bears the lilies, and henceforth no Englishman bearing the leopard will dare to call himself King of France."

By saving the dynasty at this moment of crisis, by opening up for the Dauphin by a series of victories the road to Reims where the Church consecrated the blood royal, Joan set French nationality once more upon its feet, and restored the solid foundations upon which history had begun to build up French unity. This rôle played by her in history marks her out from all the popular figures who contributed throughout the Middle Ages to the salvation of France, for she surpassed them all.

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If we take piecemeal Joan's letter to the English, denouncing the

AFTER THE GLORIA
FIRST PRAYER FOR THE LIBERATION OF THE MAID
JOAN

Almighty and everlasting God, Who in Thine holy and ineffable clemency and in Thine admirable power hast ordained the coming of a young girl for the glory and preservation of the realms of France and also to repel, confound and destroy the enemies of that Kingdom, and Who hast allowed that when she had devoted herself to the holy tasks by Thee commanded, she should be imprisoned by the enemy, grant us, we beseech Thee, through the intercession of the Blessed Mary ever a Virgin and all the Saints, that she may be delivered from their power without suffering any hurt and that she shall accomplish all that Thou hast prescribed by one and the same mission. Through Our Lord, etc. . . .

AFTER THE OFFERTORY
SECOND PRAYER

On this offering, Father of virtue and Almighty God pour down Thy holy blessing ; and by the power of Thy miracles and the intercession of the Blessed Mary ever a Virgin and of all the Saints, may it set free the Maid confined in the gaols of our enemies ; may it liberate her free from all hurt and give her the grace to carry out effectively the work which Thou hast commanded her by one and the same act. Through Our Lord, etc. . . .

AFTER THE ABLUTIONS
THIRD PRAYER

Hear, O Lord Almighty, the prayers of Thy people and by the sacraments which we have received, by the intercession of the Blessed Mary ever a Virgin and of all the Saints let her chains fall from the Maid who accomplished the works Thou prescribed for her, and who is now incarcerated by our enemies ; grant, by Thy most holy and merciful solicitude, that she may, in order to accomplish the needs that remain, come forth from prison without suffering any harm. Through Our Lord, etc. . . .

Prima orō pro liberatione Johanne puella

Impotens sempiternus deus qui tua stā et ineffabili clemencia
virtute q̄ mirabili ad exaltationem et ablationem Regni filii
corz at etiam ad Repulsiōem confusionem et destructionem
Immuoz eius puellam de mēte subsisti Et eam in p̄sente
p̄ceptu tui opibz vacantem p̄ manus corpz inuadere p̄
misisti de nobis q̄sumus p̄cedente beati p̄p̄i b̄ngne
misericordia cum d̄bz sanctis Illam ab eoz potestate libesam
liberari Et que p̄ te ei in eodē actu iussa sunt for
mulis adimplē p̄ dñm m̄m̄ r̄p̄

Secūda orō Huius m̄

In hac oratione paterbntium : deus omnipotens pater sancte
Benedictio tua descendat q̄ et in potestate immuoz tuoz
p̄cedente beati p̄p̄i b̄ngne misericordia cum d̄bz sanctis puellam
in eoz immuoz m̄m̄ de totam sine lesione liberat
et in negotiationis de p̄d̄m in h̄ sibi iussas op̄s su
efficiat p̄cedere p̄ dñm m̄m̄ r̄p̄

Tercia orō

Exaudi deus omnipotens p̄ces populi tui a persequenti
que sup̄sumus p̄cedente beati p̄p̄i b̄ngne misericordia
Cum m̄bz sanctis puella agentis p̄d̄m op̄a q̄ sibi
d̄p̄at in eoz ab immuoz m̄m̄ inuadere vincula q̄ p̄cedere
quod s̄p̄est negotiationis sue adimplēdū / s̄p̄issima
p̄cedere : imp̄ro : dia tua libesam abne comide
p̄ dñm m̄m̄ r̄p̄

FOR JOAN OF ARC

iniquitous treaty to which three powerful houses, including France itself, had set their seal, Joan's mission and ideals are revealed in their full splendour ; she shows herself as she is, defines her position, explains her ideals. She comes as God's messenger, she says, " to reinstate the royal blood." She declares that God wills King Charles, the rightful heir, to wear the crown of France. Bedford, Treaty of Troyes in hand, as " Regent of the Kingdom of France," had strengthened and extended his conquests ; Joan tells him that his conquests are " thefts." She demolishes the legal and diplomatic artifices behind which English rapacity masqueraded as law.

The position was once more clear. French rights and duties were definitely understood. " If you do not wish to believe what comes from God and the Maid, wherever we find you we shall smite you and raise a mightier war-cry than has been heard in France these thousand years, if you refuse to give us our due."

In the person of Joan the nation faced the English invader ; her rights were scorned, she was trodden down ; Joan declared the most terrible moments of war to be at hand. . . . Note that she only declared it, she did not as yet urge it. For Joan, throughout the whole letter, just as a real canonist might have done, applied the legal maxims of those who still ruled Christian Europe. She warned before striking, and at the same time declared herself " fully ready to make peace." If one hand held a sword, the other held an olive branch. " The Maid," she said, " is fully ready to make peace, if you will do her justice, provided you abandon France and pay for having held it."

Let the English leave France, let them pay a fair indemnity for the evil they had wrought ; Joan asked nothing more. She applied the theory of the canonists on " just war," a military action undertaken to render right triumphant, and on " just peace," an

THE MAID'S MISSION

exact reckoning of damages caused by the enemy which the enemy must repair.

Heroine of French nationality *par excellence*, she did not love war for war's sake. There is nothing in common between her and Du Guesclin, of whom the poet Cuvelier gives us the following portrait :—

*Il était en son cœur joyeux et réjouï
De ce que les Anglais venaient en ce pays
Pour la guerre démener,
Qu'il désirait sans cesse.*

She had no thought of punishing the English offensive by carrying the war across the sea. Her state of mind was not like that of the poet Eustache Deschamps, bailiff of Senlis, who longed with all his heart for the day—

*Où passeront Gaulois le bras marin
Et détruiront le pauvre Anglais par guerre,
Qu'adonc diront tous passant ce chemin :
Au temps jadis était cy Angleterre.*

On the contrary, "do not destroy yourself," she said to Bedford, "the Maid begs and beseeches this of you." She wanted nothing better than "to show mercy to the English," if they would only "give in." It was for them to decide. She made it clear to all these "archers, comrades in war, gentlemen and others," before the town of Orleans, that they must "in God's name go back to their own country"; if not "she will visit them before long to their very great damage." But if, on the other hand, they "did her justice," "you may," she said to Bedford, "accompany the Maid to where the French will do the finest deed that was ever done for Christendom."

Christendom; that was the word. Joan, representative and

FOR JOAN OF ARC

avenger of French nationality, submits all her actions, her whole conduct, all her plans to the standards of Christianity, resolved as she is to deal with the English, and, if they wish, treat with them, according to the ancient right of the *respublica christiana*, and if necessary to enforce this right, to draw her sword until it be avenged, and only to use the sword within the limits laid down by this right.

But Joan was a partaker of the Christian spirit not only in its practices, but in its principles as well. The "fine deed" to which the little Lorraine shepherdess invited the Duke of Bedford was a Crusade; beyond the *pax christiana* established along with French freedom, Joan saw Christendom united against Islam, beneath her own flag and that of Bedford. "Go against the Saracens," she wrote to the Duke of Burgundy from Reims on the 17th of July, urging him to make peace.

The *Chronique de Morosini* shows that at that time news, whether true or false, circulated like wild-fire throughout Europe concerning the extraordinary happenings in France; only a month after Orleans was retaken imaginations were aflame, and storytellers gave credit to the idea of a future Crusade led by Joan.

As early as the last week of June, Giovanni Molino, a Venetian trader, heard the news in Avignon. He wrote to Venice to say that the *Damoiselle* and the Dauphin had already made their entry into Rouen and Paris, "the Dauphin taking courage from the *Damoiselle* and pardoning everyone, no longer mindful of the insults he had received from the English and French, all being converted to contrition and penance and to the rightful conclusion of a good and perfect peace. The said *Damoiselle* accomplished this reconciliation in such a manner that during one or two years the French and the English and their Lord were to clothe themselves in grey cloth with a small cross sewn upon it, and take nothing but bread and water every Friday of each week throughout the

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year ; they were all to live in peaceful union with their wives, and no longer sleep carnally with other women, and promise God only to take up arms in defence of their patrimony, and not to take advantage, in any way, of the disorder of war."

"The glorious *Damoiselle*," wrote Giovanni da Molino on the 30th of June, "promised the Dauphin to give him another gift of even greater worth than the crown of France, and then told him this gift would be the conquest of the Holy Land and that she would make one of his company, as they say."

On the 9th of July similar rumours came to the ears of Pancrazio Giustiniani at Bruges. "The Maid," he wrote, "desired that, on going to Communion, the Dauphin and all his subjects should dissolve in tears and prove themselves, promising freely and with an open heart to pardon every man who was against them, both enemies and rebels, and to treat in a peaceful manner all lands wherein they entered, without wreaking vengeance on anything or anyone."

These rumours from Avignon and Bruges are striking not only as a proof of the flattering enthusiasm that accorded Joan such amazing victories, but even more as showing the current idea of Joan. She who came to reinstate the Dauphin as the living symbol of the nation, at the same time, according to what was noised abroad at Avignon and Bruges, must have required the Dauphin to act peacefully in accordance with the maxims of Christianity, and, if we may believe the rumours current on the far-off banks of the Rhône, must have then and there enrolled French and English for that great Christian exploit, the Crusade. No more war between Christian countries, except war in defence of their own land ; and then one or two years' struggle in common for the Holy Sepulchre ; such was the programme attributed to Joan, such were the magnificent things she was supposed to be planning. Towards the end of July, after the consecration at Reims, Christine de Pisan, who

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had been "weeping for eleven years in the cloistered abbey" of Poissy, took up her lute to sing this triumphant project :—

*Des Sarrasins fera escart
En conquérant la Sainte Terre.*

According to prophecies collected by Christine, Joan, heroine of Christendom, was also to direct her energies against the internal enemies of the *civitas christiana*.

*En crestienté et l'Eglise
Sera par elle mis concorde ;
Les mescréans dont on devise
Et les hérètes de vie orde
détruira.*

These evil-living heretics were the Hussites. Christine seems to have foreseen the very letter Joan was going to send next month by the hand of her friar confessor Paquerel ; concluding as follows : " If you wish to return to the Catholic faith, to walk in the brightness of the ancient light, send your ambassadors to me, and I shall tell them what you must do. If you refuse, if you kick against the goad, be mindful of the destruction and punishments of which you render yourselves guilty, await my coming, with the immense human and divine forces to inflict upon you the same lot you have inflicted upon others."

Beyond the Rhine rumour took a new form. Eberhard Windecke, chronicler of the Emperor Sigismund, noting down in Mainz what he was going to say about the Maid, tells how she declared to her confessor that " a battle was still to come against the infidels in which her side would gain the victory " ; and that in this battle she was going to die.

She died quite another death ; she died at Christian hands, not Mussulman ; but two years after her burning, when Bertrand de

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la Broquière, adviser and squire to the Duke of Burgundy, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1433, and on his return passed through Constantinople, he was asked at the Court of the Greek Emperor whether the Duke of Burgundy had really and truly captured the Maid, "as it seemed to the Greeks," he said, "quite impossible." The Bosphorus, that suffering and harassed point on the frontier of Christendom, where the Crescent twenty years later ousted the Cross, in ignorance of her tragic fate, still thought of Joan as Christine de Pisan had thought of her :—

*Si tout est le mais qu'affaire ait
Que détruire l'Englescherie,
Car elle a ailleurs plus haut hait :
C'est que la foy ne soit périe.*

Christine had continued :—

*Quant des Anglois, qui que s'en rye
Ou pleure, or il en est sué ;
Le temps advenir, mocquerie
En sera fait : jus sont rué.*

And this verse-ending had crowned her as deliverer of the nation when Joan had just begun to achieve her mission.

From Joan's own words and writings, and from all that was said and written about her, her true historical character emerges in clear outlines. Her life coincides with a far-reaching crisis in the conception of Christendom. At her birth in 1412 several popes still disputed the Christian throne ; at her death in 1431 Basle opened its gates to a schismatic Council which questioned the very foundation of spiritual authority. During her life itself, Amurat's conquests in Greece reduced Constantinople, an imperial town, to the stature of a small Christian island soon to be submerged beneath the rising tide of Mahommedanism.

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But the opinion of the time in Europe and even in Asia attributed a large part in this sickness of Christendom to the Franco-English wars and to France's feebleness. Jacques Gelu, Bishop of Embrun, explained this clearly in a note sent to Charles VII. in 1429. "The Faith would not have fallen so low as it has," noted a cleric living in Rome that year, "if France had not been swallowed up in the whirlpool of so many wars." And four years earlier Mussulman envoys said to the King of Cyprus: "The King of France, our ancient and most deadly enemy, now sleeps; the Sultan of Egypt counts the rest for nothing . . ."

Joan came to rouse the King of France, and when she wrote to the Duke of Burgundy, "those who make war on the Holy Kingdom of France make war on King Jesus," she was not only thinking of the authority granted by Christ the King to the Gentle Dauphin, but also of the services Christ and Christendom expected of the Dauphin and his nation. When, after the *Gloria*, Offertory, and Communion, the clergy of Grenoble inserted in the Mass three prayers for Joan, the prisoner, their thoughts dwelt at length upon all they expected of Joan for the "exaltation and preservation of the Kingdom of the Franks," and for the confusion and destruction of her enemies; but over and above this mission and forming one with it they saw other tasks for the heroine, requiring her freedom through God.

A time was to come when the idea of nationality—as was already the case in Bohemia—would open a gradually widening breach in the ancient structure of Christendom; French nationality, such as Joan conceived it at the dawn of modern France, was, on the contrary, to take its place in this centuries-old organisation, in accordance with the conception held in the Middle Ages of France's vocation. Alain Chartier, the court poet, had some understanding of these delicate distinctions when he welcomed in Joan "not only the glory of France, but the glory of all Christendom."



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Between 1422 and 1430 a student of rhetoric amused himself by composing a dialogue between two Knights, one English and the other French, making them discuss the grievances of their respective nations. The French Knight reproached the English with having "carried on an unjust war against other Christians merely for the sake of domination," of having "increased the strength of the infidels" by fighting and killing Christians, and of having used against France troops recruited to fight against the Hussites. "Let Englishmen imagine," exclaimed the French Knight, "what the Christian soldiery and warriors and nobility would have been, if true priests and bishops had counselled peace to King Edward in times passed."

Thus spoke a Knight of fiction in the pages of an anonymous writer. The girl who came from Lorraine to deliver Orleans had certainly never read this dialogue, but her thoughts were those of the Knight; and thanks to her the French nation survived and conquered in the very name of Christianity.

HENRI LAVEDAN

ORLEANS

Passage éternel des soldats,

MICHELET.

BY the middle of April, 1428, Orleans could hold out no longer. Although it had put up a magnificent defence, for six months since that fatal day, Tuesday, the 12th of October, when the Earl of Salisbury—Salebries, as they called him in the old chronicles—arrived, after occupying forty towns, to lay siege to it.

Although the Loire and a ring of ramparts made it impossible to take Orleans by brute force, and although the town had been able up to then to find provisions in some way or other, it was at its last gasp. The English mortars were hurling into it great balls of stone, weighing more than 100 lb. each; an enormous cannon, *Passe-volant*, placed near Saint-Jean-le-Blanc, growled incessantly, making havoc in the town. The French cannon, *Montargis* and *Riffard*, gave tit for tat, cutting into the fortresses sheltering the English cannon, but without being able to silence them.

All the churches of the neighbourhood, including the famous Notre-Bonne-Dame-de-Cléry, all the convents and all the wind-mills along the river had been razed to the ground, pillaged or sacked. As far as eye could see across the wide, flat expanses, no steeples appeared, not the roof of a single castle, no cruciform wings revolving against the curtain of the sky. Here and there the fine golden sand of the Loire had been reddened, and on its islands the blue osiers were crushed beneath the heaped-up corpses. Never had so many birds of prey hovered above the river, never had there been such a chattering of crows over the countryside.

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At every moment of day and night came alarms, surprises, commotion, the thronging of soldiers and the galloping of horses. The Town Hall's great alarm bell shattered the air with peal upon peal, echoed by loud war-cries : Orleans ! Bataille ! Olivet ! Beaugency ! . . . so every man took courage from the name of his native place. At the least signal there surged to the point of danger not soldiers only, but burgesses, artisans, small shopkeepers—every one, in fact ; comfortable householders and traders, armed with the first thing they could lay hands on, one with a good sword, another with a blunt knife, some grasping pitchforks or hatchets, others shovels or scythes ; pressing on their heels, determined, valiant women, when necessary throwing off their bonnets and clogs to enable them to give the troops more quickly what they needed—water, stones, boiling grease, lime, molten lead, oil, caltrops—carrying the wounded back to shelter or laying the dead in the charnel houses.

During these terrible days the civilians were even braver and fiercer than the soldiers. Most of the soldiers only fought mechanically, for the sake of good pay, while the others fought out of love for their country. They would not be English ! It was their homes, their beliefs, and their very language they were defending ; to guard these they attained heroic heights. Nothing could stop them, no sacrifice was too terrible ; they met destruction and sacrifice half-way. Fearing to be surrounded, they obliged the troops to destroy all the churches on the outskirts of the city ; the church and cloister of Saint Aignan, patron of Orleans, Saint Michel, Saint Aux, the chapel of Martroy, Saint Victeur at the Burgundian gate, the Dominican, Franciscan and Carmelite churches, the church of Saint Mathurin, the Saint Pouair almshouse, Saint Laurent. This was a veritable hecatomb of altars ! In November alone all these were destroyed, sacrificed bravely and uncomplainingly, even with a kind of joy. But that was not

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enough ; other churches that might be dangerous still remained, and throughout December the carnage of churches went on ; one by one disappeared Saint Loup, Saint Marc, Saint Gervais, Saint Euverte, Saint Vincent-des-Vignes, Saint Ladrex and the Magdelaine !

When the iron they wielded, the picks, the mattocks, and the rams proved too slow at their work, they tried fire. The churches were heaped up with vine-branches and bundles of straw. For days and nights they formed a circle, a choir of bonfires, sparkling and singing, lighting up the country for ten miles around. With the fire at its height, the advance towers could be seen reflected full-length in the Loire near the bridge, and the whole fortress looked like a cathedral afire. When at last as far as the eye could see all was flattened out and the smoke had passed away, nothing remained but an immense desolate expanse, scarred with cinders. And the citizens felt their work had been well done, for in that desert the English could find neither resting-place nor defence-work ; they realised this, and were "dismayed and worried."

The wounding of Salisbury at the beginning of the siege, during the assault on Tourelles, had already spread consternation among them. The fort had been taken, and the Earl, all eagerness, was one of the first to enter. To get a better view of the defiant town, now so close at hand, he went to one of the fortress windows, and was struck there full in the face by a shot from Notre-Dame tower. The ball carried off his cheek and one of his eyes. When they heard the news in Orleans, despite his followers' efforts to hide it, the word went round, "It is the hand of God," and thanks were rendered to Heaven, for his prowess in arms had been unequalled among the English.

No doubt there still remained capable leaders and a fine army of 7,000 or 8,000 men, well trained, well nourished, burly and tough, while those within the city had only 2,000 or 3,000 men of the

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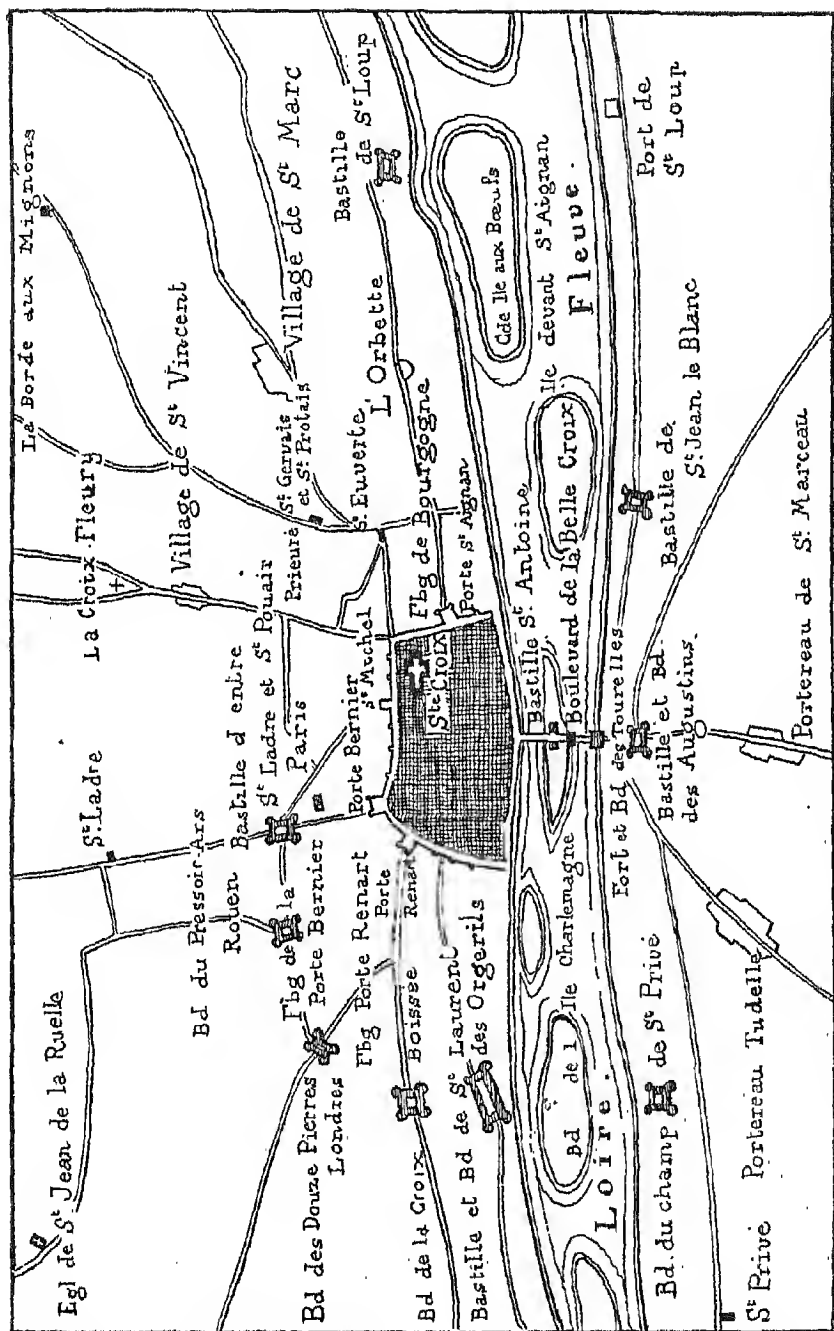
Royal troops under the Bastard of Orleans (later Dunois), a young man of twenty-six, and Raoul de Gaucourt, Governor Bailiff of the town, to defend them. It was little in comparison. But the local soldiery numbered 3,000, the town had seventy-one cannon, and as many culverins, and every one had real courage. Salisbury was taken to Meung and died soon after. His body was disembowelled, sewn in deer's hide, and sent on its way to England. Pleasant journey to it! One less—and a good one at that! Moreover, help was expected, certain help; already it was on its way.

On the 24th of January, La Hire, with thirty men-at-arms, fought his way past the Regnart gate and entered the city, safe and sound. On the 29th, Villars, the two Xaintrailles and other knights and squires did likewise. From the country round about reinforcements arrived in small batches almost every day, especially in the evening when the gates closed; from Sauloigne, twenty-six under Marshal Saint-Sévère, and shortly afterwards Théaulde de Valperge, Jean de Lescot, Gascon, and then Stuart, brother of the Constable of Scotland, Lords Saucourt and Verduran, with 1,000 men and 100 more under Guillaume of Albret, all "so well-equipped for war that it was a goodly sight to see."

These Lords came from Chinon, where they had spoken to the King and promised him prompt and vigorous aid.

But the English were also receiving reinforcements. William Pole, Earl of Suffolk (called "La Poule" by Joan), and Talbot, the *English Achilles* with *Glacidas*, were in joint command of the army. Every day skirmishes between the attackers and the besieged grew more numerous and more keenly contested, broken by truces of a few hours, such as that at Christmas "when Glacidas requested the Bastard of Orleans to let them have a concert of fiddles, trumpets and clarionettes," to which he agreed. "Thus they played their instruments for quite a long time, making sweet melody."

But music of this kind, as also the music of the cannon, did not



Orleans and environs in 1428. Map made after Jollois. *Histoire du Siège d'Orléans*, Paris, 1833.

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prevent both sides from crying out for sheer want of the necessities of life. They were both anxious for the siege to finish, especially Orleans. A big convoy of supplies was organised to provide for the English. The French army attempted to capture it, but the attack was badly managed and failed ; the convoy passed on. This day was called " Herrings Day." This mishap caused ambassadors to be sent more and more frequently from Orleans to Chinon, anxious to persuade the King to send decisive aid. But they waited on without help coming to them, and grew discouraged. Worn out by the suspense, men to the number of 2,000 went with these Lords, Knights and Squires, and the " people of Orleans were not very happy to see them go." Exchanges of politeness were not confined to the culverins ; there were others as well, such as when Suffolk sent a herald to the Bastard of Orleans with a " big dish of figs, grapes and dates, asking him to be so good as to grant him some black plush with which to line a robe "—which he did, and for which the Earl was deeply grateful.

But just as they were beginning to lose hope of holding out for more than a month or two if the long-promised help should fail to arrive, and that at once, news came from a reliable source that it was at hand.

A strange rumour was added which ran swiftly throughout the two camps, was welcomed in the town and by the garrison with a trembling and incredulous joy, and by the English with cold scepticism or bursts of laughter. . . . A girl, a maiden, saying she was sent by God to raise the siege of Orleans, was on the way with food, powder, cannon and other war equipment sent by the King. She was called Joan, and had sprung from a far-off village in Lorraine. By the side of her father's house, she was tending the sheep, sewing and spinning, when Our Lord appeared to her and told her to go and deliver Orleans, and have the King consecrated at Reims. She obeyed. That was what was said of her, and much

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else ; that the King had received her well, given her fine armour and an escort of gentlemen and pages which she commanded and which now followed her ; she was crossing the country, and was not very far away. . . .

She had been seen in Sologne. In a waggon ? On foot ? On a donkey ? No, on horseback, dressed in armour like a man. She had a sword, too, and a standard painted with her emblem, "Jesus-Maria." All who saw her in her armour, straight as a die, dazzling in her whiteness, thought of an archangel, of St. Michael or St. George, and yet she was little more than a child, though wonderful indeed ! She was coming ? But when ? During the week at the earliest. So late ? Perhaps to-morrow. If only she would hurry ! Trot, gallop, make the stones fly beneath her horse's feet ! She was advancing slowly . . . yes, slowly—said those who had seen her—but so firm and sure was the step of the horse, guided by her light touch, that she seemed to go more quickly than if she used spurs. Oh ! But if only she could fly ! God give her wings ! She already had them, but would only open them here at Orleans. Such more or less were the rumours exchanged at home and on the boulevards during those feverish days by the breathless townspeople.

On the 28th of April Joan was said to be only a few miles off, and would arrive two days later. But would she be able to reach the gates ? Doubtless the morrow would not pass without at least a glimpse of the dust thrown up by her and her followers. To make their entry as easy as possible, a sally was made on the side opposite to that by which she was thought to be coming. It was during this very skirmish that the convoy appeared on the horizon ; grew larger . . . it was entering, had entered . . . food, artillery, foot-soldiers armed with battle-axes . . . but where was Joan ? Search was made, but no sign of her ! Had she had an accident ?

No, she had stayed at Chécý, where the Bastard of Orleans with

FOR JOAN OF ARC

his knights and squires had gone to be the first to pay their respects and greet her. They had decided not to enter the town until the evening, under cover of darkness, so as to avoid disturbance among the people. But the people's disappointment only intensified their keenness. They wanted neither food nor sleep. They were ready to wait for any length of time. They grew more and more excited, climbed up and huddled together on the walls . . . and when at eight o'clock the word ran round "There they are," an immense shout of joy went up such as had never been heard there before in the memory of man ; it crossed the river and struck deep into the hearts of the English as they listened in silence. . . .

Through the town, shaded by its towers, behind its ramparts, in the hollow of its narrow streets, Joan advanced, cleaving the swaying, jostling, human mass like a ploughshare. At the sight of her, shouts and blessings flew through the air from all sides, she was given the most fantastic names, and covered with lilac from head to foot ; hands waved, kisses were thrown at her, and hats flung into the air ; people jammed together in the obstructed doors and windows to catch a glimpse of her. Through this kindly clamour Joan passed untroubled, with clear eyes and pink cheeks, little beads of sweat shone on her forehead beneath her vizor. You might have said that her passage was like that of the Blessed Sacrament, surrounded as she was by a procession of Lords, squires, captains adorned in silk and velvet, her white standard with its two angels each holding a lily floating above her, and her flag painted with Our Lady's Annunciation. On her left the Bastard of Orleans pointed to Joan with a gesture of his gilt glove, as if it was he who offered her to the town, and she, between two serried lines of pikes, between masses of flaming torches and lamps latticed like masks filled with leaping tongues of fire, could be made out in the centre of this furnace utterly white from head to foot, riding a fine horse, which was white too, and noble and quasi-divine. Swords

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and weapons of every kind glinted and flashed blindingly, forming a curtain of gleaming red iron around her, and the torches shaken above her head formed an arch of sparks. She seemed to be licked by the flames.

In spite of the closed files of the soldiers, and blows from the butts of weapons given on all sides, the crowd strove to get nearer to Joan ; women slipped in between the armoured soldiers, and children ran under the bellies of the loaded mules to get to her. At times her passage was blocked and she was forced to stop. Her armour, even her very saddle, was touched as a relic by a hundred hungry hands, caressing or clawing at it. The people kissed her stirrups, her knees, the points of her boots, and petted her horse, hugging and patting his shoulder and hard glistening chest.

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This was on the 29th of April. In less than two weeks Orleans was delivered, after 180 days of siege. On the 8th of May the English army suddenly retired, abandoning camp, food and baggage. When Joan came back into the delighted town that Sunday evening after the battle, the people and clergy were just as wild and unrestrained in their joy as when they had greeted her arrival. But despite its intensity and violence, despite the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the Te Deums, the wine, the singing and dancing, this second feast did not, perhaps, have the same quality of deep and earnest emotion, the same note of passion, love and fervour as that other evening, when Joan, so long awaited, desired and prayed for, arrived, descending as if from Heaven.

No doubt this second day was one of thanksgiving, the leaping, overflowing joy at the victory was a joy of relief, of gratitude . . . but without that adoring and wondering surprise of the first coming, of the first time the town met its liberator. From the moment Joan entered Orleans, before even she had begun to fight the English

FOR JOAN OF ARC

SIEGE OF THE ENGLISH RAISED

On Wednesday before the Ascension, 4th of May, 1429, by the people of our lord the King and of the town of Orleans present and helping Joan the Maid, found by her deeds to be a virgin and sent by God Our Lord, and as by a miracle, the fortress of the powerful English at St. Loup-les-Orleans, which the English, enemies of our said lord King, took and held, was re-taken and more than 120 English slain.

On Saturday after the Ascension of Our Lord following the 7th day of the said month of May, by the grace of Our Lord and also by the most evident miracle that had been since the passion of Our Lord, by the half of the said king's people and of the said town of Orleans, was raised the siege which the said English had directed against the turrets at the end of the Orleans bridge near la Sauloigne which had been taken by a strong attack on Tuesday the twelfth day of October the previous year, and there were slain or captured about 40 English who guarded the said turrets. The said Maid was present and directed the operation armed at all points.

And the following Sunday and Monday the said English went away from St. Poair where they had built a strong fortress which they called Paris, and from another near-by fortress which they called London Tower, from Pressoer which they named Rouen where they had built a strong fortress from St. Lorens where they had built several fortresses, and all these fortresses were enclosed in part by moats from one to the other.

After Boucher de Molandon: Note de Guillaume Giraut, notaire au Châtelet d'Orléans, sur la levée du siège, inscrite de sa main sur son registre de minutes, le 9 mai 1429 (Orleans, 1858).



Siège de Roumoult leuc

Guill. Giraut, m.
 Le 1er jour de mai l'an mil cccc lxxv par
 le seigneur de Roumoult seigneur de la ville de
 Roumoult et seigneur de la ville de la Roche
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Le 1er jour de mai l'an mil cccc lxxv par le
 seigneur de Roumoult et seigneur de la Roche

(3) Le 1er jour de mai l'an mil cccc lxxv par le
 seigneur de Roumoult et seigneur de la Roche

FOR JOAN OF ARC

"*corps pour corps, son gros hahay*," Orleans was delivered, and Orleans knew it. It had the victory already, guaranteed by the voices of Confidence and Certainty; for the town also had its voices, and they sounded deep down in its heart immediately Joan entered its walls. Her letter to the King of England, when it became known, her bold war-cries, her confidence, her "In God's name!", her "Enter!", her "All is yours!", were gospel to those who heard them, and spelled victory before its trumpet call rang out, before God had granted it.

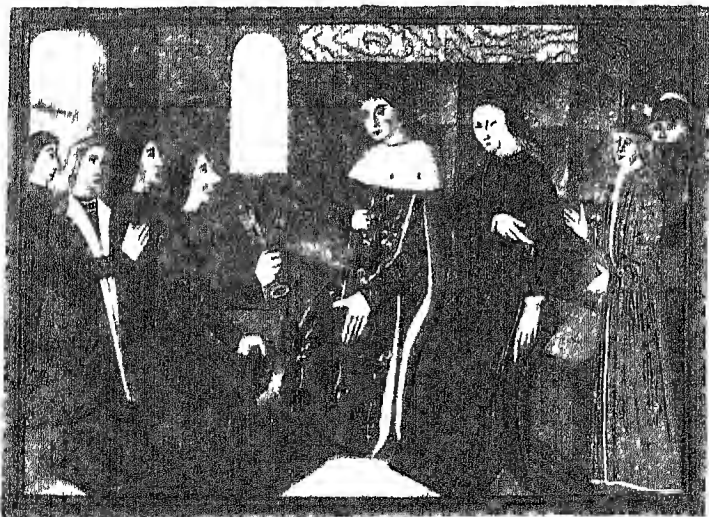
This victory had an extraordinary effect, far greater than that of military glory; a supernatural, moral and religious effect of divine value. It proved Joan's divine mission and declared her chosen and protected by God. In her, all that a miracle meant, all that raises the soul, or forces it to its knees, all that induces belief, was enshrined. The victory meant not only the delivery of Orleans, but the freedom of France now and for ever, a return to her past freedom; a victory repeated and renewed again and again in the plans of the Eternal Liberator, a basic date recorded in marble, bronze and on the vellum of history, Aignan and Attila once more, the twofold epic of the Loire foreshadowing that of the Marne.

Lastly the delivery of Orleans crowned Joan for ever as the Maid and the Maid of Orleans.

She might, apparently just as well, have been called the Maid of Domrémy, Reims, Compiègne or Rouen. But these names were never used, because Orleans alone had the right to this honour, it alone merited to have its name stamped upon her blazon. It is more than a name, it is a title summing up in all its ingenuous and popular frankness Joan's principal characteristic, purity. She shone as Maid, and as Maid of Orleans she was proclaimed. Her life is a magnificent triptych; Reims with the consecration, the Cathedral and its altar in one panel; Rouen with the martyrdom,

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the market place and that other altar, the stake, in another. But Orleans the battleground and sword of God, the delivery and victory in the centre. Take away Orleans and everything crumbles. It is the keystone to the vault of the national edifice. That is why this town, where France was then concentrated, cannot be separated from the Maid who saved it. The Maid cannot be named without Orleans.



LOUIS MADELIN

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ON the evening of the raising of the siege of Orleans, the Maid said that they must take the road without a moment's delay in order to anoint and crown the "Gentle Dauphin" at Reims. To bring him to this, she said, was the second object of her mission.

By delivering Orleans, she had shattered the English plan of campaign; at Reims she was going to shatter their political ambitions. At that moment the wonderful child showed herself to be as expert in state affairs as she was in fighting. The miracle continued.

There can be no doubt that she was still obeying her "voices." From her first interview with the King, she had declared that she was meant to take him to Reims. This was the essential purpose of her vocation. At Domrémy, where there was still no clear indication to encourage her to make the attempt herself, she told Lebuin that "*between Coussey and Vaucouleurs there was a girl who before a year was out would have the King of France crowned.*" Reims was the place she dreamt of; for centuries her village had lived under the patronage of Monseigneur Saint Rémy—Dom Rémy—and every year they celebrated the feast of the great bishop who had baptised and, as they said at the time, consecrated the first King of the Franks at Reims. She had heard about the miracle of the Holy Phial, brought by a heavenly dove, and knew that at each consecration it was taken out from the old abbey of Saint Rémy, where it had rested for a thousand years, for the successor of Clovis to be anointed and thus made "true King" with its miraculously preserved oil.



Млѣ. Мсссххх.

[illegible]

On Tuesday, the 10th of May (1429), it was publicly reported in Paris that the Sunday previous, the Dauphin's followers, in great numbers, after several attacks continually sustained by force of arms, succeeded in forcing the fort held by Wm. Glasdal and other captains and men of the English King, and also the tower in question at Orleans bridge over the Loire, and that on this day the other captains and soldiers holding the siege and the forts near the Loire before the town of Orleans, evacuated these forts and raised their siege to go and help the said Glasdal and his companions and to fight those enemies who had in their company a solitary maid carrying colours among the ten enemies as it was said : Quis eventus futurus, novit Deus bellorum dux et principes potentissimus in prælio.

Drawing from records in Parlement de Paris in the margin of the Council register, giving the news of the raising of the Siege of Orleans, 10 May 1429.—*Archives Nat.*

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From the legend of the Phial, all the villagers knew what a consecration meant.

It is true that the "rightful heir," issue of the "Royal blood"—terms constantly in Joan's mouth—was lawful King of France from the moment the former King died, but he was not regarded as King beyond dispute until he had been anointed with the holy oil: "He whom you call King of France," we read in Saint Victor's memorial of the thirteenth century, "is not as yet either consecrated or crowned, and *before this ceremony he cannot be given the name of King.*" That was the doctrine. The Kings themselves held the same view; they only dated their reign from the day of their consecration, and it is noteworthy that up to Reims Joan generally called Charles VII. "Gentle Dauphin."

The son of Capet went out from his consecration not only King beyond dispute, but the most honourable and inviolable sovereign in the world. For, in the words of the *Songe du Verger*, "there should be no doubt that the King of France receives *special grace from the Holy Spirit through the holy oil.*" Suger declared that after consecration the King carried "the living image of God within him," and the time came when Bossuet called the Kings consecrated at Reims "*Christs, anointed with the Lord.*" As the *Songe du Verger* again puts it: "They are anointed with the holy oil sent by the Angel of Heaven."

From the humblest peasants to the most learned doctors, the whole of France would have confirmed these statements, and perhaps the humble even more strongly than the great. Renan wrote that France had instituted an *eighth sacrament*, a sacrament that *made Kings.*

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Now Charles's claims were so much in question that, on the death of Charles VI., Henry of Lancaster had been proclaimed "King of France" in the very presence of the King as he lay in

FOR JOAN OF ARC

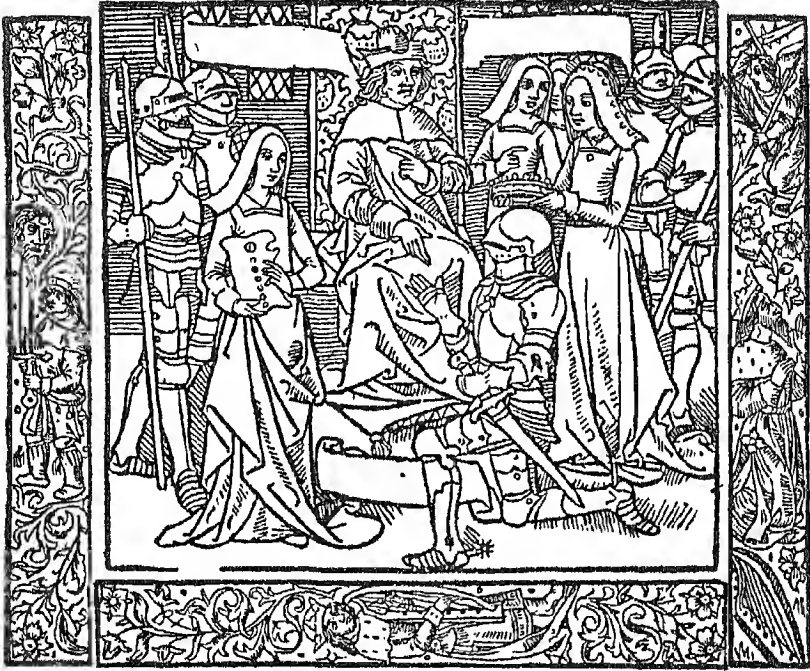
state beneath the vaulted arches of Saint Denis. Why, then, under these circumstances, did he not do everything in his power during seven years to force his way to Reims and have himself consecrated? Certainly the English and, above all, the Burgundians held the towns between the Loire and the Aisne, and a certain indolence kept the King "half asleep"—encouraged by all his counsellors and politicians, who thought only of compromise, and were afraid that if these towns were attacked, the Duke of Burgundy would be even further implicated with the English. But that was not all; since the dastardly Treaty of Troyes, when the abominable Queen Isabella had ignominiously declared that her son Charles was not the son of her husband the King, a cruel doubt had found its way into the heart of the young prince himself and, more than all else, kept him far from that Cathedral where the "eighth sacrament" was administered. Even if the way had been open to him he would certainly have hesitated before going to it. He felt that to ask to be anointed with such a doubt weighing on his soul would be sacrilegious. The unhappy prince never ceased to beseech God in his prayers to reveal to him by some sign that he was "rightful heir of the noble House of France, and that the Kingdom justly belonged to him."

Then at last came the sign he awaited with such a torment of anxiety. From the midst of the people the "great-hearted girl" sent by God—"God's daughter," as she used to call herself—told him in a private interview that she was aware of his anxious prayer. "I tell thee, from the Lord, that thou art rightful heir of France and son of the King, and he sends me to thee to take thee to Reims that thou mayst receive thy crown *if thou hast the will for it.*"

She gave him confidence, but she never succeeded in giving him will-power. This anæmic, weakly young man was not unintelligent, but his wavering will was driven hither and thither by conflicting

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Comment la pucelle vint deuers le roy



How the Maid appeared before the King.

Woodcut from *Vigiles de Charles VII*. Printed by Jehan du Pré in 1493. (Bibl. Nat., Rés. imprimés.)

FOR JOAN OF ARC

counsels. This son of great Kings waited for chance to give him courage and let his plans follow on events.

When, after Orleans had been retaken, the Maid spoke unhesitatingly of going to Reims, the King could not make up his mind ; the Council opposed the undertaking, regarding it as fantastic ; the Chancellor Regnault of Chartres, at that time Archbishop of Reims, was one of those most strongly opposed to the scheme and all, from politicians to warriors, said that she spoke like a child, that the Anglo-Burgundian garrisons of Auxerre, Troyes, Châlons and Reims would resist with all their power, that an army would be necessary, and that the King had not enough money to pay one. But she with her strong voice cried : " By my baton, I shall lead the gentle King and his followers safely and without mishap to Reims, and there see him crowned." She forced the door of the Council Chamber, facing the frowns of the great, and " pursued " the prince as far as his rooms. " Gentle Dauphin (she did not regard him as truly King until his consecration), do not hold so great and such long councils, but come as quickly as possible to Reims to receive your worthy crown." The soldiers were worried by the thought of leaving the English in control of certain towns on the Loire in their rear, so she immediately met their objections by capturing Beaugency and Jargeau, and on the magnificent day of Patay, cleaned up the valley. Then she reappeared at Gien, where the King was, and this time demanded that he should go to Reims.

From beginning to end she was almost the only one to want it and the only one to see things in their true light. The English, who held Champagne, had committed the unbelievable mistake of putting off the consecration of their little King Henry, and it was essential to forestall them without a moment's delay. There was no longer any question of military strategy, but of a magnificent political move demanded as much by common sense as by any-

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thing else. Danton was to cry out one day : " France is in Paris ! " ; for the moment France was in Reims.

The Maid shook with impatience ; only a few weeks were left before the Regent Bedford would receive the reinforcements which he was demanding from England after his set-back on the Loire ; he would then lead his nephew Henry to Reims. Joan seemed to guess this. It was necessary to set out straightaway for Reims, and, by a surprise attack, take advantage of the momentary disorder caused in the usurpers' ranks by their defeat on the Loire. Met with renewed resistance, she tested their confidence in herself, and made as if to retire. The King took fright ; perhaps God would be vexed. With the abruptness of those who lack the power of decision, he suddenly declared they would take the road for Reims. At last, on the 29th of June, 1429, they set out. Joan had decided for them, and yet against their wishes ; it was " by the urging and persistence of the Maid," they wrote, that the journey was decided upon ! As she said, it was God's will.

The facts showed immediately that it was indeed God's will. Just as Jericho fell before the trumpets of the people of God, everything seemed to fall away before the King and his followers at the summons of the " daughter of God." Despite the firm resistance they had promised, cities opened their gates one after another. Troyes and Châlons, which had both given such strong assurances to the people at Reims, not only submitted, but wrote to them that they found the King " kind, gracious, pitiful and merciful," and that, besides, it was impossible to resist the Maid.

Even before these cities were brought to obedience, Charles had informed the inhabitants of Reims that he was coming to be consecrated in their town, and that everything should be prepared. He was no longer the " King of Bourges," and was beginning to assert himself.

For ten years the townspeople of Reims had suffered an Anglo-

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Burgundian garrison in their city, on condition that, its numbers being small, it should not be a burden on the town. The Captain, Guillaume de Châtillon, had gone to Château-Thierry, without suspecting anything. The townspeople reassured him; they would resist. Taking alarm nevertheless, Guillaume returned, but the people said they would only receive him if he came without reinforcements; they would supply all that was required. In point of fact, the letters they had received from Troyes and Châlons had weakened them also. All they wanted was to obtain letters of pardon from Charles, and they sent a deputation to him at Sept-Saulx beseeching this assurance of amnesty. The King graciously granted their request, and they gave him the keys of the city. Regnault of Chartres went ahead of the King, and installed himself in his archiepiscopal town where Joan had thus led him in spite of himself. Guillaume—despairing of the settlement—retired with his small force. Thus, without a single blow—"without mishap," as Joan had predicted—the King was brought from Gien to the town of consecration. On the 16th of July he knocked at the Dieulemire door; the word means "Light of God," and in very truth a heavenly light seemed to clothe them as they entered. In his hurry the English commander had not even thought of taking the Holy Phial with him. The consecration was made possible.

On the 16th of July the King made his entry. Beside him marched the Maid, and we have no difficulty in believing the Chronicler when he says that all eyes were fixed, not so much upon the King himself, as upon the Lorraine peasant girl; she advanced, "her face smiling and candid," the only one of that company to whom this succession of miracles caused no surprise.

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It was Saturday. Customarily the consecration was held on a Sunday. Joan, always in a hurry, refused to let them wait a whole

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week ; in one night everything had to be made ready for the next day. Never had such a solemn ceremony been improvised to such an extent, but—for the time being—the will of the “ daughter of God ” was enough, and everything was ready by dawn.

Christine de Pisan, a poetess then more than sixty years old, took up the pen once again in honour of the Maid :

*L'an mil quatre cent vingt neuf
Reprint à luire le soleil.*

Never had the sun shone so brilliantly as it did on the 17th of July, that unique day that formed the culminating point in this marvellous story. It was to the Passion of the succeeding weeks as Christ's entry into Jerusalem had been to Calvary.

The gratitude of the King, destined to last little longer than this joyful day, had granted first place at the consecration to the peasant girl of Domrémy, and allowed her to head the procession that wound its way through the city in the morning.

We can well imagine her, powerfully built, with firm eyes and smiling lips, in the armour she wore so gallantly, and the finery—the woman in her kept alive her taste for beautiful clothes—with which she always loved to adorn herself, upright and proud on her caparisoned horse, not hiding her joy, since, as she said, it was not the day of her triumph, but of God's triumph. At former consecrations, those accompanying the King sang the response “ Behold, I shall send my angel . . . ” But now, indeed, the angel was visible, ringed with a halo of devoted admiration by the thousand eyes fixed upon her. Behind her the small King seemed almost negligible—too negligible, perhaps, for some repayment not to come to him later.

We see her advancing towards the Cathedral, her squire carrying her famous banner, and she seemed to be alone. But she was not really alone. That day, when from among the people, she came to

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"reinstatethe blood of France," and raise up from its lowliness the whole race of Kings, I see her surrounded by an illustrious crowd pressing forward beside her. At the siege of Saint-Pierre de Moustier, her squire was frightened to see her advance to the attack with no more than a few men-at-arms, and she had said with a smile, "Behind me I still have fifty thousand men." No one at that hour saw her true companions, the marvellous escort advancing with the saviour of their country.

In this company were the great princes who had founded and raised up the dynasty, and from reign to reign extended its power ; Hugh, the rough baron, made king for the services he had rendered, Robert the Pious, Louis VI., the great lover of justice who smote feudal bandits with his terrible sword, the holy Louis IX., whose sceptre was "the hand of justice," Philip Augustus, who at Bouvines led the soldiers of his nation against Germany and England, Philip le Bel, who united the France of *oc* and *oil* into a single country, and Charles V., who less than half a century before seemed to have put France once more upon its feet.

I see the great ministers of France, born of the same people as Joan, devoted servants of the throne of France and ardent children of the nation ; Suger, the peasant's son, counsellor to three Kings, Bureau de Rivière and Jean Le Mercier, who twenty years previously, because he had wished with the young Charles VI. to restore the prestige of the Throne, had fallen beneath blows plotted by princes who had betrayed their line and their devoted people.

I see the fine soldiers who served Capet's descendants with their swords just as those others had served them with their minds, and floating near Joan's banner, I can make out the flag of Saint-Denis, red bordered with green, that was carried at Bouvines, and with it the flags of France, surrounded by the great leaders, Bertrand du Guesclin and Olivier de Clisson, only the last of a mighty cohort of shades, their armour spattered with blood.

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I see also the multitude of the "people"—ready to rebel at the slightest provocation, but loyal at heart—all the artisans and serfs, close in blood to Joan herself, who before her time had felt more deeply than the Lords and Prelates "the sorry state of the Kingdom"; with them the brave patriot of Saint-Pierre de Dives who, four years before, had cried out in the middle of occupied Normandy "May God guard the crown of France," and had been punished for it by the English.

Other shades welcome Joan at the threshold of the Cathedral as she reaches it, first as usual, with her escort. The great Bishops of Reims are there, under the blessing of Saint Rémy, who baptised Clovis; Adalbéron, who, when France seemed on the verge of splitting up, elected Hugh Capet; Gerbert, who, before he became Pope, gave lessons to the future King Robert; the white-handed Guillaume who consecrated Philip Augustus; Jacques de Bazoche, who consecrated the holy King Louis IX.; and Guillaume de Trie, who consecrated Philip VI., the first Valois King. They had all upheld their Cathedral's unique right of housing the consecration ceremony, there they had *made* kings; and now, through a thousand obstacles, the Maid brought them the last son of these Kings—fallen for an instant. Behind the forest of their mitres and gold crosiers I see pressing forward the great artists whose genius had designed and adorned the Cathedral, Jean d'Orbais, Robert de Coucy and that fine sculptor Villard de Honnecourt, and with them all those who for a whole century had striven in stone and wood to make the Cathedral a worthy sanctuary for the consecration of kings.

When the girl, whose forehead saints had kissed in the fields by the Meuse, entered the Cathedral, I should have liked—after all it was a year of miracles—the marvellous world of stones itself to be moved, the Virgin from the height of her pedestal to raise her Child in blessing and all the saints to show the same smile of

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welcome as the Angel who looked on tenderly from near at hand.

Joan was led by all the great dead of France towards all the great saints of France. The consecration of 1429 is, and will remain, unique ; the Most Holy Christian King enters his Cathedral, and before him walks a messenger of Heaven whom Heaven is waiting to greet ; at this unique moment the glorious shades of France must surely have formed part of this solemn concourse.

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After all, what does it matter if the consecration was devoid of material splendour to an extent that had never been witnessed before ? What does it matter if the Royal trappings traditionally kept at Saint-Denis and then in the hands of the usurper were lacking ; if neither Charlemagne's crown flashing with jewels nor the famous sword of legend, " Joyeuse," nor the golden sceptre of Philip Augustus, nor the " hand of Justice," nor the cloak of Saint Louis was there ? The consecration was one of war—almost of misery—and yet more beautiful than any other. The golden crown which Joan expected to see carried by angels was seen by each one present suspended by them above the head of a prince led by an archangel of light. What does it matter if none of the Six Peers were there, and in their place were Lords of lower rank ; if the Constable, who should have carried the sword " Joyeuse," was also absent and in his stead only the Duke of Albret carrying a chance sword ? Eyes were fixed not on the sword, but on Joan's banner. At Rouen they accused her of proudly having her banner raised high above the others. It was not Richard, the small Franciscan, who held it high, but the enthusiastic gaze of the crowd that picked it out and lifted it aloft.

Boussac and Rais, the two marshals present, had gone with Lord Graville and Admiral de Culan to fetch the Holy Phial from Saint-Rémy, the consecration might well have all its " mystical "

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character—this was the word used by the Angevin Nobles when they reported the ceremony to Queen Marie the next day, and the word was apt. By what mystery was one made a witness to the scene? Was it really the poor little “King of Bourges,” so humbled, despised and disgraced a few weeks before, in whose honour they now shouted “Noel”? The trumpets sounded “in such a manner that it seemed as if the arches of the Church would collapse.”

The names of the absent Peers were called out; on behalf of Philip of Burgundy—whom Joan had specially convoked—Joan, erect near the altar, renewed her vow to reconcile one day all the sons of Saint Louis whose squabbling alone had let the foreigner usurp for a time the Kingdom of France.

When the King had been consecrated and crowned, Joan approached him, knelt at his feet and embracing his knees said to him with tears in her eyes: “Gentle King, now is the pleasure of God accomplished who wished me to raise the siege of Orleans and conduct you to Reims to receive your holy consecration, thus showing you to be true King and he to whom the Kingdom of France rightly belongs.” All wept, thinking with Juvenal des Ursins—a learned man—that this consecration was “almost miraculous” and with the Angevin Nobles that God had permitted them to assist at a “great mystery.”

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Whatever may be said—Joan did not believe her mission ended there. There is no evidence that Jacques d’Arc, her father, who had come to stay at Reims with one of her brothers at the *Hôtel Ane Rayé*, whither she had gone to greet him, ever urged her in any way to return to Domrémy. All the same, after seeing her relations and many of her fellow-countrymen, and foreseeing so easily the trials she was to pass through, she must have felt a kind of despair come over her on leaving Reims, for never again would she see the beloved countryside of her childhood. Thus a few

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days later, journeying side by side with the Archbishop of Reims, the brave girl suddenly lamented her fate, a dreadful moment when she must have seen the angel of pain presenting her the chalice, which she also, in a moment of anguish, implored the Father to take from her lips.

After staying four days, she left Reims on the 21st. During these four days she had moved about the town amid wild enthusiasm and devotion ; men hurled their caps into the air in a frenzy of joy, women fell down before her and held their children out to her, or pressed around her to touch her hands or her rings. She permitted all this quite simply, without pride, referring the homage to God. As her famous letters to the people of Reims, filled with affection and anxious care, show, she remained faithful to the town that had acclaimed her.

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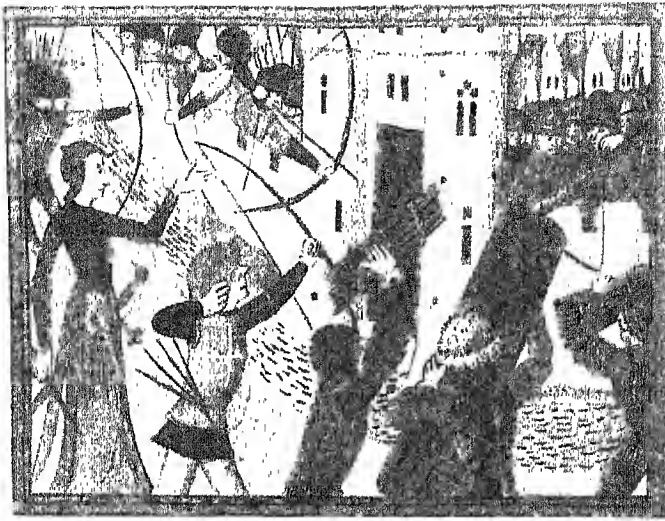
No one doubts to-day, nor did they then, that the consecration—so obstinately urged by her in the face of overwhelming opposition—was an event of capital importance. The best proof is the way the English took it. The Regent, Bedford, was utterly dismayed. He wrote to London, expressing his regret at failing to forestall the French by bringing his young nephew to be consecrated at Reims. He urged that he should at any rate be crowned as soon as possible in Paris; and in point of fact not long afterwards King Henry VI. donned Charlemagne's crown at Notre-Dame—but, says a chronicler, "more according to English than French custom"—a peculiar ceremony in which a King crowned with lilies was surrounded by Winchester, York, Bedford, Warwick, Salisbury and Suffolk, in the capacity of Peers of the French Realm.

This action marked the disorder into which the consecration of the 17th of July, 1429, had thrown the enemy. "Once Charles was crowned, he never ceased to be victorious over his enemies," said an orator in 1484.

REIMS

Thirty-two years after, on the 15th of August, 1461, a new King approached the altar of Reims, Louis, Charles's son. He was King of a France restored to its pristine glory, and he was accompanied to the altar by twelve Peers. In the first rank stood Philip of Burgundy, now an old man—that faithless Valois whom in July, 1429, Joan had so boldly called upon to join the rightful heir of the House of France, to support the “ blood Royal.”

The dynasty had restored to France her former strength, and with it her rank in Christendom. But on the 17th of July, 1429, at Reims, a child of peasant stock from Lorraine had given France back to her King, and the King to his Nation. Her blessed shade haunts thenceforth the immense building where the “ mystery ” was celebrated, and the “ miracle ” wrought.



MAÎTRE HENRI-ROBERT

THE ROUEN TRIAL

“**W**E shall astonish the world by the greatness of our ingratitude!” said the Prince of Schwartzemberg on almost the day following the Russian intervention which saved the Austrian Empire from ruin and desolation.

After the coronation, Charles VII.'s most intimate counsellors, Regnault de Chartres and La Tremoille, might have said the same thing. Under their influence, the King of Bourges, restored to the throne of France by Joan of Arc, was going to dismay the world. Inert, passive, made a fool of by the hypocritical negotiations of the Duke of Burgundy, he had stultified the efforts of the Maid by robbing her of the effective means of achieving her work.

He did nothing to rescue Joan from the power of the English, to save her from the horrors of torture, and even if, twenty years later, he made noble reparation for a fault which weighed on his memory, nevertheless he did nothing to prevent one of the greatest judicial crimes in history.

A trial! . . . Is that the name for a process in which the fate of the accused, who was not allowed a counsel, was settled in advance? in which traps were set for the prisoner that her words might be interpreted in a condemnatory sense? So base a proceeding could not follow judicial rules. It was not a trial: it was a murder!

Joan had denounced the English usurpation, defeated their leaders, brought low their pride: and she had to die. But to take the life of the humiliated enemy was unavailing. Slaughtered by

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English vengeance she was yet a greater danger to them from the depths of the tomb than when crowned with her victories.

The whole of Europe, which regarded her as a supernatural being sent by God to deliver France, leagued itself round her memory. Her death had to be regarded as a blot which stained her mission, France, which she had delivered, and King Charles, restored by her to the throne.

She had to be shown to be inspired, not by God, but by the devil, accomplishing miracles through sorcery. Hence the child of God, Maid of the great heart, heavenly being, unique in history, whom the whole world envies us, was represented as nothing but a miserable witch consigned to the flames, and from whom even the most compassionate hearts withheld their pity in advance. Hence Charles VII., indebted to Satan for his crown, saw the coronation oils of Reims wiped from his forehead. The true, legitimate King of France was Henry of Lancaster. . . .

But how make a travesty of the holiest of causes ? At Poitiers, Joan's mission had been discussed and recognised by the leading theologians of the day. Her holiness was manifest ; her purity incomparable. All the signs of the Holy Spirit shone from her brow. Then she must be declared witch, heretic, apostate, and condemned as such.

This was what the King of England wanted. . . . This king was a child of twelve, himself destined for tragedy. This, too, was the desire of his uncle, Bedford, and the lords of the Council.

But was it not a matter for the Church ? To the Church alone it belonged to establish whether Joan was a saint or a messenger of the devil. What would the Church do if this innocent girl was referred to her court ?

At Poitiers, as we have said, the verdict was favourable to Joan. Too many obvious signs had been in favour of her mission : the impossible deliverance of Orleans, accomplished in eight days, the

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coronation at Reims triumphantly realised in spite of the heaviest obstacles. . . . Who was there above and beyond the Poitiers Tribunal with enough ability and authority to judge the deliverer ? There was the Pope, Martin V., on the point of dying, or Eugenius IV., his successor.

It was not fitting in any case that such a question should be referred to the agents of England, albeit they were Churchmen. However, a bishop was found, against all law and justice, to bring it up before his court and to be made judge of her who saved France.

The glorious legion of pontiffs has rarely known dishonest ministers. Peter Cauchon was one. He was a clever man, intelligent and abounding in knowledge of scholastic and juridical subtleties. Sold to the Burgundian party allied to England, he got himself appointed bishop of Beauvais, from which office the inhabitants drove him when they did homage to Charles VII. Rouen was then in the power of the English. He dreamed of occupying the seat of Saint Pretextates. The English lured him on by that hope, which turned no doubt on Joan's trial, for everything showed that Cauchon possessed a base and ambitious soul which trampled faith and honour in the dust.

Taken from Beaufort to Rouen, Joan had been confined in the Tower of Philip-Augustus, so-called from having been built by the conqueror of Bouvines. Five soldiers of the roughest kind, reminiscent of those Roman soldiers whom the martyr Ignatius of Antioch called "leopards," guarded it night and day. Two of them watched at the door of the dungeon, the other three stayed inside. The prisoner was fettered hand and foot. At night a heavy chain was passed round her body and attached to a beam. It is recorded that at first she was shut in an iron cage. The comforts of religion were denied her right up to the scaffold. During her trial a priest presented himself to hear her confession : it was Nicholas Loyseleur, an agent of Peter Cauchon, and a sacrilegious

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Interrogata quid sibi dixerunt : respondit quod Deus mandavit sibi, per sanctas Katharinam et Margaritam, magnam pietatem illius grandis proditionis in quam ipsa Johanna consenserat, faciendo abjurationem et revocationem pro salvando vitam suam ; et quod ipsa se damnaverat pro salvando vitam suam. Item dixit quod ante diem jovis, voces suæ sibi dixerunt illud quod ipso illo die faceret et quod protum ipsa fecit. Dixit ultro quod voces suæ sibi dixerunt quando erat in scafaldo seu ambone, coram populo, quod audacter responderet illi prædicatori, qui tunc prædicabat, dicebatque eadem Johanna quod ille erat falsus prædicator et quod plura dixerat eam fecisse quæ ipsa non fecerat. Item dixit quod, si ipsa diceret quod Deus non mississet eam, ipsa damnaret se, et quod veraciter Deus ipsam misit.

*Responsio
mortifera*

Affirmo ut supra. Boisguillaume.

Questioned about what the voices told her, she replied that they said that God had pitied her through Saints Catharine and Margaret, for the treason to which she had consented in making the abjuration and revocation to save her life, and that she had damned herself to save her life. *Fatal reply*

Item, she said that before Thursday the voices told her what she had done and what she would do that day. Also that the voices told her while she was on the scaffold, or walking before the people, to reply fearlessly to the preacher (who was then preaching). And this Joan said that he was a false preacher, and that he had said several things that she had never done. She also said that if she said that God had not sent her she would be causing her own damnation, and that truly God had sent her.

I affirm the above. Boisguillaume.

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et margarete Respondit qd sic. Interrogata quid sibi dixerunt
 respondit qd dñe mandavit sibi p sanctis fratribus et margareta
 magna pcedere illiis grandis pcedunt i qua ipa pñm
 consensit faciendo abrenuntiam et renuntiam pro saluando
 animam suam et p ipa se damnavit p saluando animam suam pñm
 dñe qd ante dñe pñm dñe sibi dixerunt illud qd ipa
 illo die faceret. et qd pñm ipa pñm dñe ipa pñm sibi
 dixerunt qd ipa in pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm
 audieret responderet illi pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm
 talem Johanne pñm erat falsus pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm
 ea fecisse qd ipa no fecit. pñm dñm pñm dñm qd dñe no misisset
 pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm pñm

Latin translation of the trial of Joan of Arc. Bibl. Nat. MS. lat. 5966. Facsimile of the answer which caused Joan to be condemned as a relapsed heretic. The scribe has written Fatal reply in the margin.

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buffoon who unworthily abused his trust in thus profaning a sacrament.

With Machiavellian tactics, Cauchon set up a tribunal in order to give the discussion an appearance of legality. He was assisted by a canon of Beauvais, Jean d'Estivet, called *Benedicite*, a man of scant piety despite this sobriquet. Jean Delafontaine, master of arts, filled the office of director of inquiry. Two Rouen curés, Manchon and Boisguillaume, functioned as notaries apostolic. In the end, Massieu, a rural dean, was appointed usher. The latter alone among the court showed some pity. It should be known to his credit.

The vice-inquisitor for the diocese of Rouen was called. To impart greater solemnity to the proceedings, a large number of judges were assembled. Cauchon thus drew in not less than several doctors of Paris University : Jean Beaupere, who had succeeded Gerson, Pierre Maurice, Nicholas Midy, and the young Thomas de Courcelles, whose ability was already famous.

Sad truth of history which cannot be hidden—representing the University of Paris, these doctors, brought to Rouen at the expense of the King of England, distinguished themselves throughout the trial by the harshness and rancour of their prosecution. Political passion is apt sometimes to blind the most clear-sighted intelligences. For the University, far from espousing the national cause, that of the Armagnacs, had supported the Burgundians, that is England. In their eyes, the King of France was Henry VI. Charles VII. was but a usurper and Joan a messenger of the devil.

The trial, including the preliminary meetings at which the accused did not appear, lasted a little more than four months. It appeared to set a question of theology : is the Church the judge of extraordinary revelations and missions purporting to be divine ? If, having examined them she rejects and condemns them, can their truth be sustained against her ? And the person who continues to

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uphold their divine character in the face of the Church's judgment is a heretic or an emissary of the devil. Should she not then be abandoned to the secular power and punished according to the law, that is, sent to the scaffold, as a few years previously, in spite of the protection of the most Catholic Emperor Sigismund, John Huss had been ?

The Rouen Tribunal could not but reply in the affirmative to all these questions, while basing its judgments on true principles, and without violating an august jurisprudence according to which the soul, *certain* of having been favoured by a revelation, is bound to do that which God demands of it, under the sanction of the Church's judgment, that is, the Pope or the Council. Thus, five Popes and the Council of Constance approved the revelations of Saint Brigit.

Joan saw clearly, in her holy simplicity, that Cauchon did not personify the Church, but the cross and the mitre of the unworthy prelate intimidated her, and the presence of so many doctors impressed her. She referred them to Christ and her voices, which could not deceive her. In the end she found the right answer : that which referred the matter to the Pope. That appeal suspended all proceedings and placed the sanction in the hands of the only competent authority.

"The Pope is too far away," replied Cauchon, trembling at the prospect of his victim escaping him. The appeal was, however, committed to a document where it may still be seen. But the iniquitous judges proceeded.

For the space of four months the purest soul in Christendom, monstrously accused, astonished her judges by her replies.

From the beginning of the trial a single sentence lifts her above her miserable circumstances :

"I have come from God. I have nothing to do here ; let them send me back to God from Whom I came . . . "

Her sweet simplicity thus boxed the ears of the cruel doctors

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and tormenting monks. She arose suddenly "above space and time."

And such were her fresh and fragrant replies which moved the clerk of the court to admiration :

"At times I said to my men : Go boldly in among the English, and I, I shall march in."

"The poor came to me willingly, because I did not dislike them, and because on the contrary I liked to help them."

When this same clerk of the court whom she had moved drew up an inaccurate report, she made him rectify it, reproving him gently : "If you make another mistake I shall pull your ears."

And when the judges, put out of countenance by such innocence, united and multiplied their questions to trap her, she cried :

"Do not all speak at once, good fathers !" in a voice so fearless and ingenuous that they were struck with astonishment.

The theologians returned to the attack :

"Since your voices told you that you would ultimately go to Paradise, are you sure of being saved and not condemned to hell ? "

"I believe absolutely in what my voices told me, that I shall be saved ; I believe equally firmly that I already am saved."

"Do you believe that, after that revelation, you can no longer commit a mortal sin ? "

"I know nothing, and in everything I await our Lord."

"That is a very weighty response," said the clerk sententiously.

"Yes," said Joan in rebuke, "and it is to me a great treasure."

But they continued to press her even in her prison, in order to entrap her. They asked, hypocritically, whether she trusted the Church's decision.

"I put my trust," she replied proudly, "in God who sent me, in Our Lady, in all the Saints in Heaven. And it is my opinion that God and the Church are one and there is no problem. Why

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do you find any difficulty there ? ” And she added proudly to this engagingly candid speech : “ I came to the King of France from God, from the Blessed Virgin Mary, from all the Saints in Heaven, and from the Church victorious on high, and by their command. To that Church I submit all my good actions, all that I have done and shall do.”

Then they suggested that she should have a counsel, after having left her without any defence. “ Because you are not sufficiently learned nor instructed in these difficult matters . . . we offer that you shall choose as a counsel whichever of these advocates you like to select.”

This was doubtless a false wile of the unscrupulous bishop. But of what counsel could the inspired shepherdess have need, whose voices did not abandon her, and who unaided carried on against the doctors the fight which she waged against the English ?

Hear her fine answer : “ For your warning as to my welfare and the Faith I thank you and the whole court as well. As to the advice which you offer me, I thank you for it, too ; but I have no intention of relinquishing the advocacy of Our Lord.”

And when the judges, impatient at not being able to achieve their end, said to her : “ Do you not then submit yourself to the Church of God ? ” she replied : “ Yes, I submit myself, but God first.”

Then she fell ill. Her body was exhausted and her strength failed. Who would not have pitied her then ? Cauchon chose that moment to put the finishing touch.

“ You will have to submit to the Church,” he told her lyingly in her prison, “ unless you do you will not be buried in consecrated ground.” She raised herself from her bed. “ I think,” she said, “ seeing how ill I am that I am in danger of death. But I have nothing more to say to you now ; whatever may happen to me I shall not do or say anything other than I have already said during

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the trial. If my body dies in prison, I trust you to bury it in holy ground. If you do not so bury it, I shall trust in God."

Thus, in the very worst hour we find her submitting to the Divine Will and to it alone. Truly, the saint appeared all the greater in the eyes of posterity for having confronted alone, and deprived of all human assistance, Cauchon's tribunal.

The sentence had been pronounced and so that Joan could never wear the halo of martyrdom they led her, by an odious ruse, to a repudiation. Six days before her death, the 24th of May, she was taken to Saint Ouen cemetery, to sign an abjuration of "these errors" before the assembled people. She signed, in a moment of weakness. But she saved herself by adding: "I revoke nothing that will please Our Lord." This speech figured in the trial.

Weakness, we have said, easily understandable after the rigours of the dungeon, the long interrogations and the moral torture. A fear perhaps more terrible than that of death. Saints distrust themselves.

On the 30th of May, 1431, the sacrifice was consummated at Rouen, in the Place du Vieux-Marché. The details of that sublime death are well known. Poetry is full of them.

Those ghastly lines of Casimir Delavigne :

A qui réserve-t-on ces apprêts meurtriers ?

were recited to us by our grandparents.

Schiller has given us a Joan of Arc which falls far below its subject, in spite of the magnificent prologue. And in recent times the saint's image has been represented in painting and drama poetically transfigured.

That immortality which poets flatter themselves they confer on earth Joan of Arc gained in Heaven. On the very evening of her execution one of the King of England's councillors cried: "We are lost! We have burnt a saint!" The executioner was of the

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same opinion. At the moment when Joan was expiring on the pyre an English soldier believed he saw a white dove flying towards the heavens.

Twenty years later, in the solemn trial instituted by Pope Calixtus III., on the appeal of Isabel Romée, mother of Joan, and those of her brothers who survived, the Maid of Lorraine, after a most minute examination, was rehabilitated.

It is a matter for astonishment that the Kings of France did not place upon the altars the image of her who had saved their crown for them. The ballad of Villon in which she is exalted was not a substitute for canonisation. After five centuries the final reparation was accorded to the pure shepherdess of Domrémy. And England, by associating herself with the celebrations which took place in Joan's honour, made magnificent amends for her past fault.

MONSEIGNEUR BAUDRILLART

THE SAINT

ST. JOAN OF ARC. Sixty years ago did such an invocation leap spontaneously to the lips of Frenchmen ? By no means ! A few, only a very few, said by way of metaphor " the Saint of patriotism " ; but for the majority she was a heroine, the most astounding of heroines, and that was enough for them. Dare I say that there was some uneasiness, even opposition among many of those who heard the word sanctity used of Joan in the churches, and they were not people bereft of religion nor yet of piety. Was Joan going to be changed for them ? Was it now the Church and no longer the Country that was to look after her ? What tricks of transformation, of distortion would be played to bring this forthright, bold, strong warrior to a type of sainthood ? After all, a saint is a saint ; any one can call to mind the traditional likeness of a saint ; and which out of the unnumbered army of virgins, martyrs, widows and penitents bears any likeness to our Joan ?

Towards the end of last century the illustrious and benevolent Cardinal Parocchi said to the fearless Promoter of Joan's Cause, Monsignor Touchet : " I must confess it, here in Rome the question of Joan's sanctity causes astonishment to many. This saint on horseback, in helmet and armour, and with a voice that called to battle, upsets certain ideas, just as she once upset the English ranks."

To be frank, half a century earlier nearly every Frenchman was of a mind with the Roman, and would have said readily : A heroine she is, and a heroine she shall stay. We love her, and we shall always love her, even as a native land is loved. There is no need for any other cult of her !

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What had to happen for the tide to turn, for the canonisation of Joan to be received with joy and her feast-day made one of national rejoicing, even in a time of official secularism, for one who was only by a metaphor and by the few called "the Saint of patriotism," to become in reality and for every one "the national Saint" ?

Was individual effort the explanation : that of bishops, historians, patriotic politicians ? Yes, indeed. The plight of France itself, conquered as she was and still threatened ? I will not deny it. But was there anything more ?

Definite evidence had to come forward, evident certitude, a double certitude, a double evidence : evidence of the marvellous transcendent, divine character of this mission of the chosen child of Domrémy ; and evidence again of heroic virtue, of that virtue which makes saints. For popular instinct is right : a saint is a saint indeed.

Every saint is a hero ; but every hero is not a saint. A hero may be really splendid, may exhaust our wonder by his exploits and by the greatness of his soul. But if he has certain virtues, virtues demanded of every Christian, and if he does not carry these further than lies within the power of most men, he may still be a hero, but he is no saint.

Sanctity belongs to the supernatural order, to the "order of charity," as Pascal would say, and thus did our Péguy understand it : *Le Mystère de la charité de Jeanne d'Arc*.

Le Mystère de la charité de Jeanne d'Arc ; no one could have conceived that title, and still less written the book in the nineteenth century, nor in the eighteenth, nor in the seventeenth, nor in the sixteenth. In the fifteenth, yes, some few among the learned and the great, and many among the ignorant and the humble, had laid down the theme and traced the outline in advance for such a true and truly mystical work.

These last had seen, and seen clearly ; but then, through the



Tombstone of Thomas and Jean de Courcelles, doctors in the University of Paris. Thomas, assessor of Cauchon, was the editor of the trial in its Latin form. Bibl. Nat. Cab. des Estampes. Gaignières Pe 11 a.

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cunning ill-will of some, through the negligence of others, through the passage of time, which does not always clarify the knowledge of authentic history, a cloud stole over that prodigious epoch, and thickly cloaked that inspired and superhuman being that had been its guide.

And now, in their turn, men of our own time have seen and seen clearly. How ? Because, thanks to the researches of scholars and the precise records of the ecclesiastical judges, they have before them the actual papers of the trial.

The firm conviction of the French people springs from the same source as that of the Roman tribunals.

I

What would those men, our fathers of the fifteenth century, have thought and said, witnesses of the event as they were, and not misled into the ranks of Joan's stubborn adversaries by any predispositions ? That they were faced with something of the supernatural order, and which could come from nowhere but from a personal and direct intervention of Providence in the woof of our history. Not more than we do did they misunderstand the peculiar genius of the young French girl from the marshes of Lorraine. As she is for us, so she was for them, " the girl of great heart, of unshakable physical and moral courage, so too the girl of clear intellect, and strong will ; clearer and stronger in these than the captains and the men of state." How else indeed without such astonishing qualities could she have gained success in her extraordinary task, she, a child of seventeen, snatching the Kingdom of France from the abyss wherein it lay ?

The Kingdom was in decline ; for though there were about Charles VII. men capable of much, yet they were at enmity one with the other ; and though there were resources to draw upon, either nothing was made of them or they came into conflict. See



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then how, for a time, Joan co-ordinates these wills and gathers about her banner all the good hearts in France : " there can never be too many men about my standard," she said. She grips the very souls of the discouraged fighting men ; formerly, sure of their defeat, but immediately with faith in their ultimate victory ; it is the enemy's turn to despair. For the wavering and risky enterprises of those in command she substitutes a clearly predetermined plan, from the Loire to beyond the Marne, and carries it out in triumph from Orleans to Reims. If that is not genius, where else can it be hailed ?

Whatever there might have been of natural genius, was it possible for a child of seventeen to come from a village and save a whole kingdom by arms and by polity ? Absurdity, madness, impossibility !

Without a supernatural intervention, not only could Joan have achieved nothing, she would have been nothing. This conviction comes massive, overwhelming, inevitable to every believing soul that has not been dragged to scepticism—not a wit less despotic for being unconscious—by long custom of politics and intrigue.

But believing souls, instructed in their Faith, know well that the supernatural interventions noticeable in the affairs of man come from the hand of God, from His angels and His saints ; or from the hands of the Evil One to whom God, for reasons known in His infinite wisdom, gives permission to act, as in the case of Job, that holy man.

Messenger of God, messenger from the Devil, instrument of God, instrument of the Devil, a young girl who worked such marvellous prodigies without any preliminary training could not be but one or the other of these.

The good Frenchmen, with minds not predisposed, seeing this power of Joan, saw it at once in the light of God's providence ;

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behind it, as M. Georges Goyau has so rightly written, *they saw God*.

Dunois it was who, on the very day that Joan made her entry into Orleans, felt that there was something divine, not human, *potius erant a Deo facta quam ab homine*. And, what is more surprising, Giustiniani, the Venetian, whose reasons for any surrender to enthusiasm were no more than Dunois's, strikes the same note, and speaks of "the fine angel sent from God to upraise the fair land of France, which were otherwise lost without this succour."

The freeing of Orleans, the victory of Patay, the march on Reims, and the anointing of the King leave no further room for doubt. From the ardent heart of Alain Chartier springs this eloquent letter to a foreign prince; where he hymns "the messenger of God who led the king, buffeted and struggling against wind and storm, to the mainstream and into port, who roused our spirit, reined-in savage England, put an end to the downfalling and the burning of France." Christine de Pisan rejoices in "the maid ordained by God, into whom the Holy Spirit poured His grace." Popular piety is uplifted at her passing, and theologians in great number echo it. Thus the French clerk in the court of Martin V. in Rome notes in his *Bréviaire historique* "a portentous event, of great import, unheard of and without its like since the beginning of the world," the work of a young girl who accomplished "actions more divine than human"; he distinguishes between "miracles worked by the good and prodigies due to the Evil One." Thus again the great Gerson cries out, almost at the end of his days: "This was done by Our Lord. . . . Behold the dazzling and prodigious beginnings of divine aid." Thus again, and here I make an end, the wise Bishop of Embrun, Jacques Gelu, does not hesitate to declare that "Joan represents the Divine Majesty."

But if Joan is the messenger of God and the representative of the Divine Majesty—I let Gerson speak again—"it is pious and salutary,

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in accordance with the faith and with true devotion, to elect for her"; one must be on her side, because God is on her side, and has put His seal upon her. Already Yves Milbeau, the Duke of Brittany's confessor, had made the remark: "God helped Charles, therefore Charles was the true King."

And this the enemies of Charles saw only too clearly; for after all, to begin with the judges of Joan and the Bishop of Beauvais, or with the doctors of the University of Paris, they were Christians, they believed in God, they believed in Jesus Christ, they believed in the Angels and Saints, and in their supernatural visitations; they believed in the Church.

In order not to be reduced to deny their own principles, under pain of revolting against God Himself, it was necessary that Joan should not be the chosen of God, and seeing the marvels that she had done, she could not but be the chosen of the Devil, in other words a Witch. They fixed on this hypothesis, and would not relinquish it.

Is it allowable to believe in their good faith? Before the definite sign from God, before the trial of Joan, strictly speaking, yes; after the sign from God, after the trial, invincible blindness put aside, I think it is not allowable.

Taking into account only human considerations one could, it seems, sincerely hold to either of the two convictions. Doubtless the war, which had already lasted nearly a century, whereas it had been a dynastic feud at the beginning, had long since become a national war; it was really a case of French and English fighting, the common sense of the people had no doubt of it, and this basic thought was everywhere voiced.

But there had been fighting since 1337, and the position of the Valois had never been worse; at Crécy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, and on many subsequent occasions, Heaven seemed to be against them; whatever happened, they were left war-ravaged; revolu-

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tion succeeded revolution, murder followed murder, and scandal gave place to scandal. Would it not be best to come to terms with the King of England, who after all was descended from French kings, and had the same culture and language as themselves? Why hold so rigidly to that Salic Law, discovered or rather invented a hundred years before, which could no longer concern the political order of the present? A doubt shadowed the birth of this Charles, who declared himself the legitimate heir. Did not his mother, who should know, allow the qualifying adjective to stand in an article of the Treaty of Troyes—"soi-disant dauphin du Viennois"? It would surely be permissible to expect that when the King of England should become King of France he would soon be assimilated and thus conquered by his new realm? In the very Treaty signed at Troyes, every precaution had been taken to ensure that France, at the coming of Henry, should be re-established in her territorial integrity and include Normandy. They had safeguarded all the rights, customs and privileges of every class in the state. But this appears to us an illusion, because with war so prolonged and with the natural hostility of many provinces, it was going to be a long time before the King of England, even when acknowledged King of France, could act independently of the English statesmen, the only people entirely in his confidence and the English Army, who would have to continue the conquest of France. Fully-roused national feeling would have to become complacent.

But, after all, politicians are fallible; they had made enormous mistakes, but good faith may be founded on error. Let us give the benefit of the doubt to Henry VI.'s partisans and to Joan's judges. Let us admit the sincerity of their doubts when they were told that God had spoken and had made His voice heard through a young girl of between sixteen and seventeen.

Why did God speak? Which of us, be he the subtlest of theologians and historians, is competent to unravel the secret

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designs of Providence? The answer was given: to save France from the Protestantism which enmeshed England in the following century. Who dares assert that without the disasters which the end of the Hundred Years War brought to her England would have become Protestant? Would the Wars of the Roses have broken out? Would the House of York have overthrown the House of Lancaster? Would the Tudors, Henry VII. and Henry VIII. have ascended the throne? Would the country have become so troubled and impoverished? Who can tell?

If God should speak, we can be sure of one thing: He would will the triumph of a just and good cause. To us, as to the Duke of Brittany's confessor, the intervention of God in favour of Charles VII. proves the justice of that King's cause. And the proof that God did speak is to be found nowhere else but in Joan's mission, humanly inexplicable and certainly divine.

But the justice of Charles's cause depended on the legitimacy of his birth: hence the supreme importance of "the king's secret," of the reassurance on this point which Joan brought at Chinon to the unhappy, doubting prince. The sign she then gave him was confirmed by the marvels which she prophesied and accomplished. To these marvels friends and enemies alike bore witness.

The crime of the Rouen Tribunal was, firstly, its refusal to admit the hypothesis that Joan's achievements were from God—a thing that the theologians knew to be possible. Secondly, its no less obstinate refusal to recognise her virtues and its effort to blacken her most innocent, I may say, her most meritorious actions, so as to impute them to the Devil.

That there lay the radically weak point, the fundamental baseness of the trial, was clearly seen by the doctors and lawyers to whom the court submitted the twelve articles containing the pleas of the charge; for in spite of the authorities and arguments hurled against them, of the fear that weighed upon them, the majority

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subscribed to the following reservation: "*. . . unless these revelations and assertions do come from God.*"

This Joan had not for a moment ceased to affirm: "I have told you often enough that I have done nothing except by God's command."

Such is the verdict of posterity; and such constitutes the first sign by which the heroine is recognised as a saint.

II

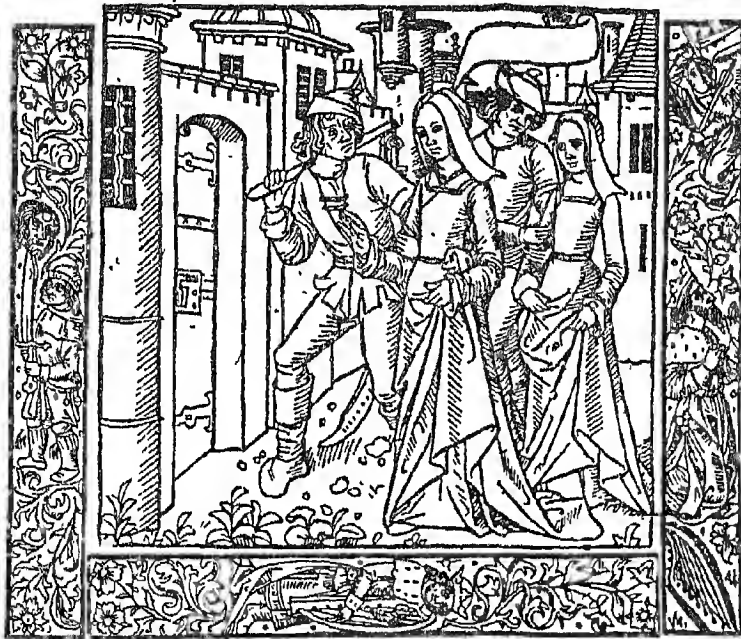
The fact of having received a supernatural mission from God does not suffice, however, to endow a human being with sainthood. Bernadette Soubirous received the message of Lourdes; she delivered it to the world, and for more than three-quarters of a century a human river of pilgrims has flowed to the grotto at Massabielle; had Bernadette been canonised, would it have been on this account? By no means. Others besides her have been favoured by similar apparitions and their visions have resulted in pilgrimages and shrines of ardent devotion. But these first beneficiaries of the divine gift may live undifferentiated from the crowd of the faithful. To figure in the official list of saints a dead person, whether dead yesterday or dead for centuries, has first to undergo a most formidable examination. The result turns on the three virtues, called theological, of faith, hope and charity, on the four cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance, on the moral virtues which arise from the preceding, and finally on those virtues peculiarly called for by the station and circumstances of the individual in question.

Supposing there is only one trial? Even then it is by successive stages that the examination proceeds, and at each stage ground previously gained may be lost again.

In the case of Joan of Arc, there were yet greater difficulties, since, after all, she had been condemned by a Church Court,

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Comment les anglois amenèrent la pucelle a rouen / & la firent mourir



Citant les anglois sen aïrent Et a rouen en emmenèrent

How the English brought the Maid to Rouen and did her to death.

Woodcut from the *Vigiles de Charles VII.* Printed by Jehan du Pré in 1493. (Bibl. Na. Rés. imprimés.)

FOR JOAN OF ARC

presided over by a bishop, and handed over to the secular power in the presence of a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. And it was from that position that she had to be raised to the culminating point of canonisation !

The first stage, that of the rehabilitation, was completed in twenty-five years. Endeavours were made to cast a cloud of suspicion over the trial of 1452 and the sentence which brought it to an end in 1456. It was a political trial—the argument ran—intended to rehabilitate not so much Joan of Arc as Charles VII. himself and his dynasty. It was hard enough to have accepted a woman's help, to have been saved by her ; but if that woman, in the eyes of the Church, remained a witch and a heretic—what an ignominious blot ! A trial conducted with bias, the argument added, in which the enemies of Joan were given no better hearing than her friends and supporters at Rouen in 1431.

We will allow that Charles VII. had considerable interest in the rehabilitation of the Maid. Well might he allow her that much justice. Was it not enough to have abandoned her to captivity ? Opposition was anticipated, and the first steps were taken by Joan's mother and brothers, not by the royal party. Representatives of the opposing side were called, as was fair. A hundred and twenty-five witnesses, all having known or heard the Maid, gave evidence during one hundred and forty-four hearings. Inquiries were instituted, according to the rules, wherever Joan had stayed. What more could they have done ?

Should they have given the trial a bias against the Bishop of Beauvais, then deceased, against the theologians of Rouen and Paris, the Burgundians and the English ? Not very well at a time when a general reconciliation was being professed, when Charles VII. was once more King of all the French, and when the reconquest of the whole realm by the victory of Castillon and the submission of Guyenne had just been achieved.

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Only one thing carried weight : to throw a strong light upon the faith, purity, in a word, the goodness of the deliverer, and that was what was done, by a happy coincidence, at the very moment when the event of the English being driven completely out of France proved her prophecy true.

After this Joan could wait. She had to wait a long time. Four hundred and eighteen years passed before, in 1874, Mgr. Dupanloup, authorised by Pope Pius IX., began, in his episcopal curia, the regular examination of the cause, which resulted in 1920 in the solemn proclamation of the sanctity of the French heroine.

A century earlier, that great legislator of canonisations Benedict XIV. had affirmed Joan's powers of prophecy, and the sincerity of her faith and conduct. But he had added : "in connection with her, the word 'saint' has never been pronounced nor judgment passed : it is to be inferred from that that the power of prophecy does not necessarily imply sanctity."

Further judgments followed, and Joan's sanctity became evident to all eyes. The corroboration of far-away posterity linked up across the centuries with that of her most enthusiastic contemporaries.

I said one day in Orleans Cathedral that the sign of the cross symbolises the whole life of Joan. The peasantry to which she belonged had Christianity in its bones. Let the most dreadful confusion caused by the great schism of the West disrupt the Church at the time when Joan was born at Domrémy ; let the *savants* lose themselves in the subtlest discussion ; let popes and councils anathematise each other for thirty years—the faith of the people still stood firm, and Joan was a child of this good Christian people. "I am an ordinary shepherdess, I am an ordinary Christian, I am an ordinary parishioner," our glorious Péguy makes her say. In a sense it is true, and not the less true for another speech which the same Péguy puts into the mouth of Hauvriette, address-

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Tenor autem rescripti antedicti sic præsentati et lecti sequitur, et est talis :

Calixtus, episcopus, servus servorum Dei, venerabilibus fratribus, archiepiscopo Remensi, et Parisiensi ac Constantiensi episcopis, salutem et apostolicam benedictionem. Humilibus supplicum votis libenter annuimus, eaque favoribus prosequimur opportunis. Exhibita siquidem nobis nuper, pro parte dilectorum filiorum Petri et Johannis, dictorum d'Arc, laicorum, ac dilectæ in Christo filiæ Ysabellis, matris eorundem Petri et Johannis, mulieris, ac nonnullorum consanguineorum suorum Tullensis diocesis petitio continebat : Quod licet quædam Johanna d'Arc, soror Petri et Johannis, ac filia Ysabellis eorundem matris, dum in humanis ageret, omnem hæresim detestata fuerit nec aliquid crediderit aut affirmaverit, seu adstrinxerit, quod hæresim saperet, ac fidei catholicæ et sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ traditionibus obviaret ; tamen, quodam Guillelmo de Estiveto seu alio, qui tunc erat, promotore negotiorum criminalium episcopalis curiæ Belvacensis, ad subornationem, ut verisimiliter creditur, quorundam æmulorum tam Johannæ, quam fratrum et matris prædictorum. . . .

The text of the above rescript, so presented and read, follows, in these terms :

Calixtus, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his venerable brothers, the Archbishop of Reims and the Bishops of Paris and Coutance, greeting and the Apostolic Blessing. We listen gladly to the humble prayers of our petitioners, and show them favour in due season. Now there was lately presented to Us, on the part of Our beloved sons Peter and John, called d'Arc, laymen, and of Our beloved daughter in Christ Isabella, mother of the same Peter and John, and of many of their kinsmen of the diocese of Toul, a petition in which it was said : Whereas one Joan d'Arc, sister of Peter and John, and daughter of Isabella their mother, while she lived among men, detested all heresy, nor believed, affirmed or attached herself to anything that savoured of heresy or was contrary to the Catholic Faith and the Traditions of the Holy Roman Church ; yet one William d'Estivet, or another, being at that time promoter of criminal causes in the episcopal court of Beauvais, suborned, we may well believe, by some enemies of Joan and of her brothers and mother aforesaid. . . .

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¶ Tunc una Responsum dicitur in pñba
et lra sequunt et est talis:

Valerius Episcopus servus servorum dei, vobis fratres
archiepiscopus, episcopus et presbiteri de constantia, Episcopus saty et episcopus
benedictus humiliter supplicat votis libenter immunitatis, quia favoribus
prosequimur oportuit Episcopus sequi a nobis nuptis pparatis
Dilectos filios petro et johannem, dicitur dicitur dicitur ad dilectos
In christo filii ysalathis matris eorum, petro et johanne, materis ut
nonnullorum consanguinitatis suorum filios, dicitur petro continetur
Quia licet idam johanna dicitur soror petro et johanne et filia ysalathis
eorum, matris domini yshu christi omnes heredes regni dei detestata sunt
per aliquod ecclesiarum aut affirmant seu affirmant, quia heredes sapient
de hac catholice et sancte romane ecclesie traditionibus obmaret tamen
ad humiliter de effinito seu alio qui tunc erat promissus nuptis
cinnatim Episcopus enim beluensis ad subordinationem de deo, simul
ecclesiarum quorum, et aliorum tam johanne in primum et priori predictorum
falso affectu bone matris petro Episcopo beluensis, necnon ipsi ipse
multis ordinis fratrum predicatorum professores se fuisse inuolunt
hanc primum in primum illis deputatis vobis gerere affectu et
tunc in humiliter agere. Quod dicta thyma quod tunc in dicitur beluensis affectu.

Beginning of the Bull of Pope Calixtus III., ordering the revision of the trial (1455). Bib. Nat., ms. lat. 17013.

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ing her friend : " You shall try in vain, you shall speak in vain, you shall believe in vain ; you are our friend ; you will never be like us." Like the others she was a good Christian, but she was this more than the others. That was shown in the rehabilitation trial, by the statements of the good Domrémy folk who made their depositions becomingly, with recollection and a naïve and touching admiration for the virtues of the child and maiden. Shall we look back through the history and the actual texts of the trials of condemnation and rehabilitation, since unfortunately the Poitiers trial was never recovered, to the opinion of the ecclesiastical judges of Poitiers, which may be set against those of Rouen directed by Cauchon ? They declare that they had never seen in the prisoner appearing before them anything but goodness, humility, chastity, honesty, devotion and simplicity.

At Orleans, and in all the towns through which she passed, she made so great an impression of sanctity, that in spite of her protests, often touched by irony, the people begged miracles of her, and touched her garments as the poor people of Galilee touched those of the Saviour.

From her executioners at the foot of the scaffold at Rouen the cry went up : " We have burned a saint ! "

Nevertheless, to her contemporaries was Joan more than to the French people, more than to the prelates of the nineteenth century, representative of the traditional type of saint—she who dressed as a man, who carried arms, lived in camp, rode to the attack, who pretended to divine inspiration with which to instruct generals and statesmen, who pushed audacity to the point of demanding—gesture characteristic of her mission—of Charles VII. the gift of his kingdom in order that she might return it to him in God's name ?

No ; before she could, in the words of Cardinal Parocchi, " pass in cuirass and casque through the porch of St. Peter's," she had first to enter into the astonished soul of her contemporaries. And

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this could only be because they saw her practising, to a heroic degree, those very virtues most threatened in a soldier's life, namely, chastity, prayer, observance of religious duties, gentleness, charity, and humility in time of victory. Her purity was so dazzling that it radiated from her, and her fellow-soldiers declared that when close to her they did not feel even the breath of temptation. Her man's dress and armour were her protection. It was asked whether Joan practised those mortifications and penances proper to saints and to those who keep a strict watch over the pleasure-loving senses. The weight, stiffness and roughness of the clothes and armour which Joan frequently retained when sleeping on the ground, as she often had to sleep, were sufficient mortification and heavy enough penance. And her face bore witness by its scars to the terrible struggles with which, while in prison, she defended her modesty against the rough English soldiers. Here was heroic virtue enough!

As for prayer—was she not always praying? Up to the very moment of battle she prayed. Before the attack on Tourelles at Orleans she halted in a vineyard, crossed her iron-gloved hands, and absorbed in deep prayer for some minutes, she petitioned God for the deliverance of the town, and obtained it. Whenever she entered a town or village, her first visit, and that a long one, was to the church.

Gerson recommended young girls to go to confession weekly; Joan went even more often, so unhappy was she at having the least stain, the lightest speck, on her white soul. Passionate lover of the Eucharist at a time when frequent Communion was far from being the universal practice, she was often to be seen, even on week days, receiving our Lord's Body. When a prisoner, her worst suffering was to be deprived of Communion, her heart used to urge her with longing towards the chapel where the Eucharist was reserved, and her fettered body prostrated itself. By depriving her of Communion her judges hoped to make her give in; at the supreme

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hour they did not dare to refuse it to her, even while denouncing her for a heretic and backslider.

Angel of purity, angel of prayer, angel of union with Jesus in the Eucharist, she was also the apostle of this virtue, and these holy practices, and urged them upon her soldiers.

Witness her gentleness and charity in war : as long as possible she held out a hand to the English and begged them not to let themselves be destroyed. When she had to fight them she did so without anger ; she was gentle towards prisoners, kind to the wounded. Who has not read of that moving incident ? An Englishman falls in the field, and Joan, dismounting, sits down beside him, staunches his wound, and realising that she cannot save him, helps him to make a good death. *Caritas inter arma*, wrote Cardinal Touchet ; indeed, *caritas inter arma*.

Because she drew unceasingly from the divine fountain, because she ever returned to God, author of all good, she tasted neither joy nor the pride of triumph after the most striking success. Her enemies have tried to accredit her with an amount of human satisfaction in the fine clothes and honours which the princesses and the King pressed upon her at one time ; slight imperfections, after all, in the case of a girl of eighteen, and which have been proved to be nothing more than momentary pleasures to her ; at the same time it has been shown that she vigorously repulsed the kind of devotion which the enthusiastic people tried to offer her, and which her judges made a criminal offence.

Not for a moment, then, and this takes us a step further in the reserved regions of the mystical life, was her soul touched by that subtle form of pride, the temptation of privileged souls who are the objects of special graces, which is called spiritual pride.

Accustomed to walk since the age of thirteen in the extraordinary paths of that mystical life, favoured by visions equal to those of the greatest saints, personally led by heavenly apparitions, she yet

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remained as simple, as she was firm in her faith. She believed all that the Catholic Church believed ; she did not weary of asserting it, and her whole life exemplified it. Cardinal Touchet made the solemn statement that in the course of the beatification, not one objection was raised against Joan's teachings. This is marvellous considering the shadows piled up by the Rouen judges, desperate to condemn her as a heretic and rebel against the Church.

With what sure discernment she knew how to reconcile her faith in her revelations and her submission to the universal Church with the resistance she put up against a special court, prone to error and bias, which judged her ! Every one is aware that that was the pivot of the whole trial of condemnation, there the practically unavoidable trap which was presented to the accused. There was the problem which, even in our day, torments many minds, driving some to blame, then to revolt against the Church, causing anxiety to many others who seek a criterion for the right to resist ecclesiastical authority in the name of a conscience enlightened by private revelation. This is not a matter, be it understood, of a natural inspiration of the mind, or of the command of a human authority.

The judges of the rehabilitation trial settled the question, which they saw, as plainly as we, in the light of sound theology, theology too little known. By the pen of the Dominican, Jean Brehal, inquisitor of France, they acknowledged in God the liberty to act through the medium of such revelation, and in the human conscience, not merely the liberty, but the duty to obey such a revelation. It suffices that these revelations contain nothing contrary to Catholic doctrine or unworthy of true wisdom. The soul thus favoured, after being sufficiently enlightened, is bound to give them the assent of faith.

The Church, in general, abstains from pronouncing on private revelations, considered in themselves, and in no way imposes them as articles of faith on the rest of the faithful. But she does pro-

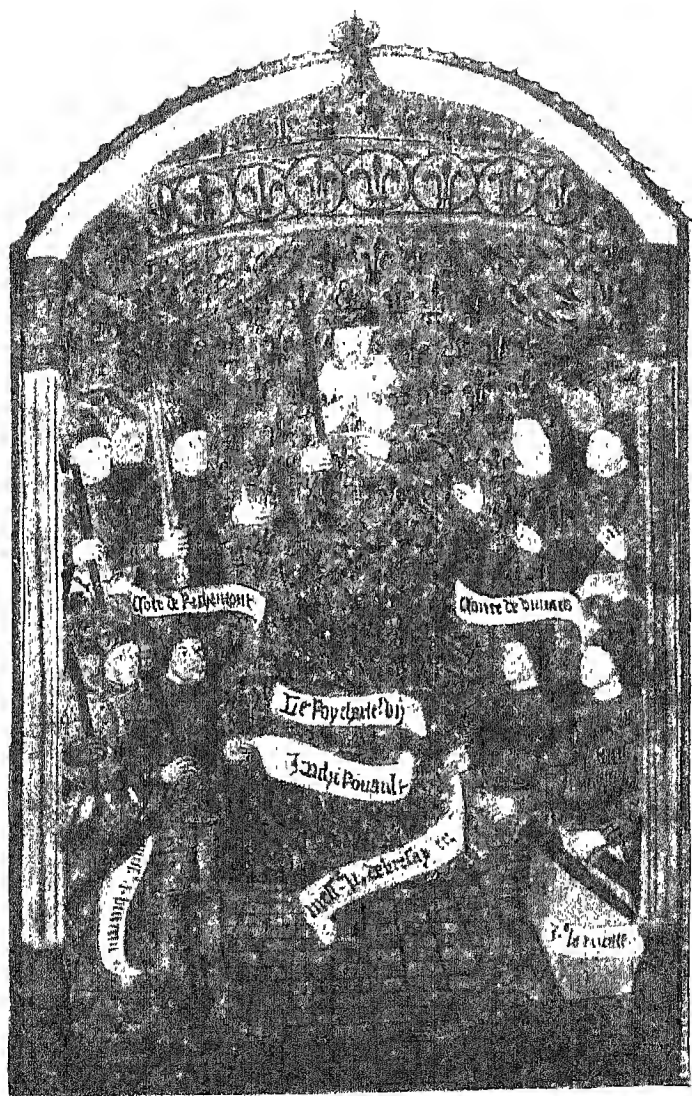
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nounce on questions of doctrine or morals, which it might be assumed emanate from these revelations. Only in matters of faith and morals is no definitive judgment admitted except that which comes from the universal Church.

As a general rule, prudence, wisdom and humility dictate that a soul shall submit itself to the authority of its confessor. But if that soul, after due deliberation, is morally certain that it is inspired by the Holy Ghost, this obligation does not bind.

From which the conclusion comes that the Rouen judges had no right to pronounce upon the diabolical character of Joan's voices, and that Joan, duly reassured by the opinion of the Poitiers judges, was right in considering the voices as coming from God. Hence the right and the duty of believing in and obeying them. Beyond that of submission to the Church, no questions of doctrine entered in; Joan's voices did not reveal anything concerning them; they told her that Charles VII.'s cause was right, and she must go about France upholding it even with arms; it was no matter of faith; they told her to wear, for this purpose, male attire; that was a practical matter, not a rule of conduct; moral law does not necessarily exact that men and women shall wear different clothes. Here is a case of a more than justifiable kind; there is nothing to add. But note that Joan eventually gave in on this point, also that this attire seemed to her the outward symbol of her mission. It needed, for her to reassume it, the abominable proceedings of those who desired, at all costs, what they called her "fall," so that they might call her a backslider.

Finally, supposing that a question of doctrine really was affected by Joan's acts, several of the judges at the rehabilitation trial ruled that, in view of the arduous nature of the cause, Cauchon ought himself, if he was seeking sheer justice, to have submitted it to Rome, far from setting aside, as he did for an unpleasing whim, Joan's appeal to the Sovereign Pontiff.



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The martyrdom of Joan of Arc, like that of all Christians who have followed the way of sorrow to the end, had no other cause but her own fidelity, that is her heroic faith. She followed the example of the divine Master: why was Jesus condemned, why did He suffer the dreadful torment of the Cross, unless it was that He had asserted to His judges the divine nature of His mission, that He was the Son of God, Himself? One word, one "no"—but that word would have been a denial—would have saved Him from death.

So it was with our holy heroine.

When, at the walls of Melun in Easter week, a year before her death, St. Catherine and St. Margaret told her that she would be captured before the next St. John's Day, she could have retired and returned to Domrémy and lived quietly in her Orleans house. How pleased the King's advisers would have been to see her take this course. But her voices told her that "so it must be done," that she must "be resigned and that God would help her." She had been resigned, relying on God's help, and so continued her march. Had she known the hour of her arrest, we believe her own assertion, she would have escaped even from besieged Compiègne, if her voices had uttered the least command.

When imprisoned in the Beaulieu and Beaurevoir dungeons and the royal château at Rouen, she endured every suffering physical and moral: an iron cage, heavy chains, fetters on foot and leg, the society of coarse soldiery and the snares of false friends. Nothing could shake the constancy of this high-hearted daughter of the Church and child of God. "Accept everything with resignation."

If before the insidious, violent and perfidious court at Rouen she had ceased to assert, if only from weariness, the heavenly origin of her mission, and consented to listen to the judgment of Churchmen more learned than she, her life would have been saved. She would have been put in a Church prison, where, discredited

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and therefore harmless, she would have been released after several years, and could have ended her days in peaceful obscurity. But it was not to be. "My voices were from God."

Once, at St. Ouen, falling into a trap they set for her, she put a sign, which she intended as a mark of derision, at the foot of a brief, vague note which they brought her on the scaffold. They said it was a note of abjuration based on a text longer and more explicit than any they had yet read to her; in the presence of imminent death she seemed to weaken.

But as soon as she realised the deceitful manœuvre which turned the document she had signed into a denial of her mission, she turned back, by the order of her voices, to the fatal road, already lighted for her by the sinister flames which were to devour her.

At dawn on the 30th of May, when she was told that the hour was come when she must die by fire, her human nature leapt in horror. Daughter of God, she still felt herself to be daughter of man.

Did not He who is truly the Son of God, and Who called Himself the Son of Man, let fall from His divine and human lips, these two sentences, one at Gethsemane, the other from the Cross: "My Father, if it is possible let this chalice pass away from Me . . ." and "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

To Nature's protest, grace responded with a magnificent triumph for faith, hope and charity. Joan proclaimed the virginal purity of her body "clean, whole, uncorrupted" which was to be "consumed and reduced to ashes"; she expressed the hope of "being this night in Paradise." On the scaffold she asked pardon and gave it, uttered prayers, her eyes fixed on the cross for which she had begged, and from the midst of the flames she gave forth a last cry of faith and love: "My voices have not deceived me. My voices were from God. Jesus! Jesus!"

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THE SAINT

Events have proved the truth of Joan's mission.

Joan's virtues have made manifest the holiness of her life.

Ultimately the Church had to pronounce a definitive judgment, since the miracles which she requires as evidence of divine sanction for those whom she proposes to add to her list of saints had been provided. This judgment was pronounced at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 16th of May, 1920. A striking reparation, a wonderful contrast to what had gone before.

On the 30th of May, 1431, at Rouen, Joan, in her wretched cart, wearing the hood of infamy, carrying the candle of the Inquisition in her virginal hands, rolled slowly towards the Place Vieux-Marche, where the sinister scaffold reared itself. On the 16th of May, 1920, Pope Benedict XV. entered St. Peter's, seated on a triumphant throne, wearing his tiara and carrying a candle, ready to proclaim before the world the heroic virtue, glory and blessedness of her who had been given to the flames. On the 30th of May, 1431, the Cardinal of Winchester listened to the condemnation. On the 16th of May, 1920, the Cardinal of Westminster walked side by side with the Cardinal of Paris, together participating in the solemn act which was to canonise the condemned girl. On the 30th of May, 1431, at the Court of Prosecution and at the foot of the pyre, on the 16th of May, 1920, near the pontifical throne was to be seen the white habit and black cloak of a Dominican. The faithful who filled the basilica still retained in their memories Joan's cry uttered on the threshold of her prison—"Bishop! I die because of you." Before their eyes unfolded the long majestic procession of seventy French bishops and more than two hundred foreign bishops preceding the Pontiff to render to the victim of one of their predecessors the supremest honour that the Church grants. The bells of Rouen had rung the funeral toll of the final agony, and now all the bells of Rome mingled together in a glorious concert. On the 16th of May, 1431, a stricken silence held a crowd

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brutally repressed by Warwick's soldiers. On the 16th of May, 1920, a joyful *Te Deum* issued from fifty-thousand to sixty-thousand throats. The cry, endlessly repeated: *Vive la France!* attested to the victory of the nation for which Joan died, and which was supposed to be finally defeated in the burning faggots at Rouen. Because Joan reconciled in her great and truly Catholic soul love of the country which she served with that of the Christian religion for which she wished peace and agreement, she became truly a saint of the universal Church while remaining for us "our country's saint."

In the solemn silence of that glorious temple of God, the Pope, after being thrice called upon by the counsel of the Consistory, in the name of the Universal Church of which he is the infallible Head, pronounced this unalterable, final promulgation :

"In honour of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, for the exaltation of the Catholic faith and the growth of the Christian religion, by the authority of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul and of our own, after mature deliberation, after offering many prayers to God, after having conferred with our venerable brothers, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, the patriarchs, the archbishops and bishops present in Rome, we declare that the blessed Joan of Arc is a saint, and we inscribe her name in the list of the saints. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, *Amen.*"

The Pope's *Amen* was answered by the *Amen* of France and that of Christianity.

MAURICE BARRÈS
UNPUBLISHED NOTES
(1920)

JOAN OF ARC is a product of our time. Up to the Revolution, up to the invasion of France, no one realised what she was. She was despised and treated as out of date. This daughter of the people was a foundling of democracy, of the people breaking into speech.

In the margin :

She became popular only when the country was invaded.

In the margin :

Voltaire was the first to treat Joan historically. He was the first to demand an altar for Joan.

Voltaire was the first to discover her, and after him the French Revolution.

The Revolution overthrew the Maid's monument. It overthrew many monuments because it had been to school with the Jansenists, who hated the monuments of the Middle Ages. Who was there to teach it to admire and reverence them? Behind its iconoclastic zeal lay the idea that the metal might be useful. From the pieces they commanded a cannon to be made, called the Maid's cannon. In that act there is both a sacrilege and a tribute.

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Michelet fully realised this ; her cult was born with the invasion of the country ; she is resistance against foreign invasion incarnate.

The Renaissance and the seventeenth century found her too Gothic, and the eighteenth blackguarded her.

Our epoch considers her as an extremely important fact, and has studied her as the seventeenth century studied the classics. We have withdrawn her from calumny and legend, and given her her place in history. After being neglected for several centuries, she is now known everywhere. Democracy, when it came into power, recognised itself in this Maid.

From one age to another there is gradually revealed what was hidden in Joan's soul, hidden to herself, hidden to every one, unknown.

To-day, after the war, this girl is regarded as having borne within her the embryo of the League of Nations, of that patriotism which respects other countries so that it may be respected itself. She conceives the League of Nations under the banner of Christ. Whether the banner be that of Christ or of America, the idea is no less fantastic.

Hate of duplicity, of whisperings. She wanted the people to know what was going on in these solemn assemblies. When she saw the staff closeted with the King, she grew anxious, and became afraid. " You have sought your counsel, I have sought mine."

GABRIEL HANOTAUX

EPILOGUE

IN 1910, four years before the Great War, I finished my book on Joan of Arc with these words: "We are only at the dawn of the days which will see the accomplishment of her mission."

Since then, events have unrolled according to that prophecy. Pope Benedict XV., by proclaiming, beneath the canopy of St. Peter's, Joan of Arc a Saint, made her cause a Catholic cause, that is, a universal one. The war stirred up in the depths of the French soul that fine spirit which inspired our heroine. And then, after five centuries, the anniversary of the Maid's apparition was celebrated at Orleans by a ceremony in which the whole of France united. In the procession, which has been made faithfully ever since the relief, walked representatives of foreign nations, those of England in the foremost rank, for it becomes a people of high moral standards to give an example of justice and of reparation on the grand scale.

Thus history continues to be rebuilt and humanity tends to rise superior to itself and its ephemeral passions.

This book is dedicated to the celebration of the five-hundredth anniversary, this book in which Maurice Barrès makes his great voice heard from beyond the tomb, and of which this essay forms the epilogue. A marshal of France, victorious Foch, in whom breathes the soul of France, has pointed out that bold strategy which drove the enemy from France, "leaving her to the triumph of a cause entirely just."

A prelate, heir to the highest religious glories of France, has taken for his subject that "heroic virtue which showed itself at Rome, and made sanctity manifest."

A writer, versed in great souls—St. Augustine, Louis IX., St.

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Teresa—has written vigorously of “La Bonne Lorraine”—himself a Lorraine man. One of the most graceful minds of the present day, who might have been chosen by Joan of Arc as he was chosen by St. Vincent de Paul, has painted the heavenly charm of the “high-hearted Maid.”

A master of the art of evoking historical events has followed Joan of Arc to her mission's goal at Reims. A man who combines justice and mercy has followed her right to the court of men's justice and almost to the tribunal of God.

Another who has devoted himself to the greatest problems of religious history, and who explains them in a way which wins over or at least conciliates the most rebellious minds, has called up, in one glance, the national heroine and the Christian heroine.

Now what are the judgments of these men, great in intellectual and moral courage, absolutely disinterested, conscious of their responsibility in face of opinion and in face of renown, at a time when they have no need of oath-taking to convince us that they are telling the truth? This is the answer: their views are exactly the same as those of the men who were their counterparts five centuries ago. Foch speaks as Dunois spoke. “It appears that Joan and her achievement in these events was not the work of man but of God.” Mgr. Baudrillart speaks like Jean Gerson, whose mind was imbued with the soundest and most balanced spirituality of his century. “This has been done by Our Lord.” Lavedan, Henri-Robert, Goyau, Bertrand, Madelin, repeat the sentiments of Alain Chartier, Christine de Pisan, Martin V.'s clerk, poets, writers, historians; and all adopt the language of the people, holding out their hands at the passing of the noble girl; they say what she herself said in her simple, straightforward speech: “Daughter of God. . . . Messenger of God. . . . God who sent me. . . .”

After five hundred years the evidence and the verdict are the same. These statements which accumulate and are perpetuated,

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this adherence which spread to the ends of the earth, these churches, statues, banners and feast-days, these heaven-storming prayers, all of this proves and proclaims the unshaken conviction of the entire world.

Must I, in the face of such a gathering, go over the mystery again, repeat what has been said a hundred times, seek afresh to penetrate the problem? Seemingly a superfluous effort! But the subject is so rich, fertile and abounding in unsuspected benefits, that it is well not to let it drop. Let us then approach it and try once more to give our thoughts to the problem of Joan of Arc's mission.

The peculiar character of this historically incontestable achievement may be reduced to these principal points :—

(1) The youth of this girl, her arriving unknown from Lorraine, introducing herself into the highest circles and immediately taking a leading position, long before she had arrived at the age for action and authority.

(2) The greatness of the events that resulted from her actions and the importance of the success she achieved, which have left their mark on the history of her time and on the future indefinitely.

(3) The wholly individual spontaneity of her intervention, without any human, social, political or corporate influence sustaining her or assuring her of success.

(4) The rapidity of her achievement and the scale of its realisation being equal to what she announced and for which she had come.

(5) Finally, the consummation by martyrdom and sacrifice, the worker being recalled when the work was finished.

These extraordinary qualities are at the root of the mystery which Joan of Arc's apparition presents to the human mind.

For Joan herself, for the witnesses of her life, for believers, the explanation of the mystery lies in a sentence: from God Joan of Arc received her mission: "I am sent from God." It was God who

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accomplished, through her, the necessary redress. Once such a statement is accepted, all discussion is over.

So far so good. But what of those who have not the faith, who doubt, who hesitate before committing themselves? For them should we not wait a moment to consider the human aspect of the problem, and thus move gradually to a higher view of it? May not a man in good faith push his inquiry to the point at which he may see for himself some glimmer, be it confused, of a divine plan?

* * * *

It seems that as the first light, the doubter will discern the contrast between the insignificance of the child and the vastness of the circumstances in which she figured. The little girl who from the age of twelve felt inspiration spring within her was very young, fresh and simple as a budding flower. She knew nothing, "neither A nor B"; only her mother had taught her the *Pater*, the *Ave Maria*, the *Credo*. No outside breath had touched her. She was to lay great stress on her purity: "I am pure! I am pure! I am pure!" All this reveals close direction, indeed, a primordial predestination. It is not possible to say more. But this pre-election is no more difficult to admit than is the mystery of birth and generation itself. To put life into a body is as extraordinary as to put feeling and vocation into a soul. They both depend on a creator; along this line of thought, meditation and acceptance will go far together.

And now, opposed to touching simplicity and first freshness, are the greatness and complexity of the things that are to be achieved. Incredible that this ignorant child who left her village and went to knock at the King's door at Chinon could know of the European crisis, the war, the strength and weakness of the two sides! She knew the peril in which France stood, the kingdom's sorry plight, she knew—how did she?—that the English, landed from their island, were occupying most of the country; she knew the Loire, Tours, Orleans, Paris and Reims. She had knowledge of the road,

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the ways and means, how to lead men, the management of horses and artillery ; she knew the rivalry of feudal lords and princes, and chose between them with just preference, Armagnac against Burgundy ; she knew the King and the Court, she was versed in politics, in intrigues and their undercurrents, never making a single mistake and always taking the right road. Like a theologian she appealed to the true rules of religion at a time when every one was disputing them, and even the most learned were losing their way ; she used the right canonical speech, choosing " the Pope who is at Rome " when two or three disputed the pontifical throne ; she pointed out the formidable advance of the Turks, then near Adrianople and threatening Christian civilisation ; she sounded the rally for the saving of humanity. Who taught her all this and a thousand other things essential to leadership and success ? Who, indeed ?

On many points the mystery of this knowledge of things is such that no one has been able to offer a formal explanation. I will instance but two.

The King's Secret.—What was the secret that made Charles VII. confide in her ? Did it concern his birth as Dauphin, his own royal heredity ? Or was it a matter of a symbolic sign, of an angel wearing a crown and visible only to the Maid and the King among a crowd of courtiers ?

The King, and only the King, knew ; he waited for that necessary sign before he could recognise her mission. And she, too, knew, she alone. Hardly had they seen it before the secret forged a link between them. They came together, and it was the King who took orders and obeyed. The Maid said to Charles VII. : " Give me your Kingdom," and he gave it to her to give to Christ. Afterwards nothing came to light. Neither the King nor the Maid divulged their secret ; she died without speaking ; Charles the Victorious remained its sole guardian, and he said nothing. What, be it asked, was that heavy secret which these two souls carried, on

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which depended the fate of France ? We do not know. She knew. How did she know ?

Fierbois's Sword.—A very unexpected gleam of light recently illumined another mysterious incident of our heroine's life, hitherto in obscurity ; it concerns the sword of St. Catherine of Fierbois. Joan of Arc, on her way to Chinon, went by St. Catherine de Fierbois. She told her companions that among the old arms under the altar they would find a sword. And it was this sword that she cherished, that was her weapon of command, and that led the French troops to victory. What was the reason of this singular proceeding ? How, living in Lorraine, did she know of this sword's existence ? And why this sword among so many others ?

To-day we know the answer, or at least we find a clue, and it points to one of the most beautiful and noble happenings in history. Some learned local men have just established that under the altar in the Chapel of St. Catherine de Fierbois (the St. Catherine of the apparitions) are preserved the arms collected from the battlefield where Charles Martel defeated the Saracens. This sword, then, was a weapon of deliverance, the sword of the first French victory for European civilisation, perhaps the sword of the great Charles, Hammer of God's enemies. That is why our Joan, informed of its existence—by whom ?—went and took it in her turn, to make it the instrument of another deliverance.

How did she know what had happened during the centuries flowing by on the boundaries of St. Martin's diocese ? Was such divination natural ? Was it connected with a higher mission in which the plan of France's history would find itself co-ordinated ?

* * * *

Meanwhile the girl appeared, the girl-leader, mounted, sword in hand. What were the circumstances ? There have rarely been any of more import to the future of humanity. A hundred years of war had ravaged Western Europe, the only part of the world to

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keep the legacy of civilisation. The Middle Ages were at their decline ; they writhed in scholasticism and anarchy, no one knowing what the end would be. The strange form of humanity which they had produced itself felt such deep foreboding at their approaching departure that the only picture it could make of life was the " dance of death."

Terrible pessimism took hold of crowds which had been decimated by pestilence. Let us return in thought to that terrible time when human beings, like animals, sought refuge in forests, deserts and underground ; took to living in caves again ; when people lived on the bark of trees ; when camp followers fell upon anything that was not a fortified castle or walled city.

The universal cry was " How escape ? " and the only answer " By death." Signs appeared in the heavens, the thunder of arms from the West ; a comet flashed in the starless nights. The mob flung itself against the church portals imploring divine mercy. The Great Schism had rent the Coat without seam. Rome was Rome no more. The great heresies began. Wycliffe and John Huss were already dead, but their followers survived. The Turks had besieged Constantinople and penetrated as far as Hungary. Europe was defenceless—the Western nations were destroying one another—the theologians saw suddenly among them a young girl speaking every language and having a little black devil in her mouth. This was Antichrist. The world was but a great ship of fools, and something would happen.

Here was a new world coming into being. Navigators saw on the horizon the prospect of islands with beaches of gold and silver ; there were rumours of a satanic invention which would multiply pictures by mechanical art and spread error ; from the ancients came those doctrines concerning hell which would destroy belief in God and the Kingdom of Our Lord Jesus Christ ; news came from beyond the mountains of the practice of sorcery and magic.

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All was in a state of confusion and flux. Had God, then, abandoned men ?

It was in this dreadful epoch that a child, bred by the Lorraine marches, grew up and called herself " God's Maid." God sent her to the aid of humanity, to break its fall, to help it, to raise it from the slough into which its crimes and impiety had precipitated it. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the Creator is not indifferent to the fate of His creation and that the champion of order intervenes when confusion has reached its height ? There is the crux of the whole problem.

Joan's contemporaries had no doubt on this point. If the world was falling into the abyss, God, Who ever watches over it, would not abandon it. The Divine Plan could not be futile ; it could not be that the universe was created only to be destroyed, nor that evil should triumph over good. Death could not exclaim, " See ! I am victorious ! " Humanity and Christianity were not condemned by an implacable sentence. God had, in the past, sent His Son to redeem the world ; proof that He did not will that the race of men, left to itself, should perish in violence and sin. Out of strife would come peace. Wise men from the most ancient times onwards doubted it not. The oldest traditions had taught them of the usual channels of divine intervention. When things were at their worst, God had called from among His heavenly legion a messenger who, in human form, had restored order in the place of confusion.

The " divine emanation " which the scholastics after Aristotle call " the active intellect " is the supreme idea entrusted to an exceptional being who appears on earth for a given space and for special task. It is of this Messenger that it was written, " A solitary man shall come fearlessly, staff in hand, before a great king to deliver a nation from slavery." This referred to Moses. But the appearance is repeated at every crucial moment in history. Sick

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peoples can only be cured by the Universal Physician. When the whole world has to be saved, Providence must go straight to the mark ; it operates by the most simple methods. Just as once it happened that, seeing things to be at their worst, God, for the redemption of souls, sent His Own Son ; the Messenger was the *Messiah*. Divine Emanation, Logos, physiognomy of God, such was the succour held out to humanity to save it from its avowed misery. Thus was Adam's fault atoned for, thus the ancient wrong was righted.

At the time of Tiberius Cæsar, the vaunted ancient wisdom towards which the men of the Renaissance, proud with their newly discovered science, looked, was on the wane. The philosophy of Socrates and Plato had degenerated into the insipid sophistries of the Alexandrines, the art of Phidias was leading to Byzantinism, Alexander's glory and the triumph of Rome slipping into the reign of Caligula while waiting for that of Heliogabalus. There was no doubt of it. Antiquity had lost her way, her heart hid the mortal sickness of slavery, and she did not even suspect it ; she despised labour, left the poor to rot, and neglected the lepers ; the ideals of the people were *panem et circenses* ; the people did not know that the moral law comes from God, Creator of order ; and humanity had tarnished the very idea of divinity, wallowed in the unbridled licentiousness of the pagan religions which made it disgusted with itself, as well as with that gross polytheism which it called a " sink of the gods."

Roman decadence, making way for the barbarians' invasion, still retained a semblance of ordered life compared with the confusion in Asia, and the infected trail of the Ptolemies, Seleucidae, Arsacidae and the Herods spreading, there was massacre, pillage and public and domestic disturbance across the Near East. There whatever had the semblance of a human society was beginning to decay and promised speedy disintegration.

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At this time came the great visitation and the new commandment from the Cross. Unmeriting humanity received the blessing of the divine hand, uplifting it with an impulse of inexpressible charity.

And since then, down the centuries, has not that compassion shown itself with a perseverance more vigorous than the persistence of error or misery ? St. Loup and St. Geneviève saving Troyes and Paris from the savages of Attila, St. Remy converting Clovis, St. Louis, a model of all the virtues on the throne of France, are some illustrious instances. And in each of these missions the man chosen of God worked only through his actual presence, his individual character. He appears, staff in hand, and snatches the world from slavery. In the time of the Great Schism and of the widespread confusion which strikes at the unity of Europe, the same phenomena were not lacking. Never did divine providence manifest itself in so many instances ; St. Francis of Assisi scouted worldly riches and made poverty an honourable insignia ; St. Catherine of Siena dressed Christ's wounds, and her command brought the Papacy willy-nilly back to Rome. And there is Joan of Arc. To her another task was allotted, it rested with her to save France. On France's salvation depended not only the fate of the people, but also the fate of peace.

* * * *

This, then, is the new aspect of the problem, which the events that have struck our time so cruelly have revealed to us ; by the divine will, nations, once formed, endure ; by the divine will peace puts an end to war, for the enduring rules the accidental, justice prevails over injustice ; this is the law of the survival of humanity. Nobody without members, no balance without proportion, no society without liberty. When human passions allow themselves to be carried to an excess of error, outraged law retaliates by unspeakable evils ; but it also cures the evils with its other aspect—charity ; from powerlessness and remorse spring reformation.



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Providence designed that France should be saved, not only because France is one of the stars of the constellation which lights the world, but because French lucidity was necessary to disentangle, French vigour was essential to release, Europe from the oppression of mind and heart which weighed upon her. Salvation could come from nowhere else but the Kingdom of France. Germany was divided against itself, Italy a shadow, Spain scarcely alive ; a few heroes fought on the Christian rampart ; and at this desperate moment the two Western Kingdoms, the crusading kingdoms, were at each other's throats. Obviously Europe had to rebuild herself, and she could only do so round the nucleus of France.

It was even more essential that peace should be established. And peace could not be obtained except by justice, by the mutual wisdom of two nations who had been fighting each other for a hundred years on account of the follies and family pretensions of princes, for which the people had to suffer. After William the Conqueror brought the Norman line of kings to her, England possessed the beginnings of an empire which was one day to become the power for world-civilisation. What was England doing in France ? Why did she linger for unjust conquests, impossible to realise ? This was exactly what Joan came from God to declare, as in the famous letter to the King of England, a letter which comprised the whole of her mission : " Deliver to the Maid, sent here by God, King of Heaven, the keys of all the fine towns which you have taken and violated in France. She has been sent here by God, King of Heaven, to make known royal blood ; she is ready to make peace if you will do her justice, and pay back to France what you have taken from her . . . and that you hold not to your opinion that you have any right to the realm of the France of God, King of Heaven, son of the Holy Virgin, such as that of the King Charles, the rightful heir ; for God, King of Heaven, wills it thus and He reveals Himself through the Maid . . . "

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Is that clear ? Is the mission defined with sufficient clearness by her who received it ? And how was God's Kingdom, that is, peace, to be established unless justice was done, albeit by force ? How was reconciliation to be effected between the two enemies of a hundred years' standing except by means of the decision of a higher arbiter that the might of arms was not enough, and that there must be acknowledgement of a right ?

Since, after so many unsuccessful engagements, the violence of passions did not abate, but only led the people and princes into further error, the supreme Will intervened and made known its decision through its emissary. God's decision transmitted by Joan was this : " You (the English) evacuate, willy-nilly, the realm of France, and peace will follow and unity and order be re-established." Into what high, far regions the creative intuition of the heroic child carries us ! With her woman's fingers she disentangles two countries in a mortal grip, and turns each to its duty. . . . What could the Sorbonne doctors with their academic complacency make of all that ? They could bring to the mission but one confirmation : martyrdom.

Joan of Arc was not warlike, she was a child of peace ; she bore in her hands a crown, but also a branch of olive. This was the first thing she told the King of England. And, more pressingly, this was what she wrote to the Duke of Burgundy, who, for the sake of his knavish ambition, had abjured France ; she besought him in her letter of July the 17th, " that the King of France and you make a long peace which will last pardoning one another wholeheartedly, as loyal Christians should ; and if you want to fight, go and fight the Saracens." And she entreated him, " with joined hands," to hear her request and her advice. Later, our heroine, our warrior, since they had refused to give her peace, could still say with perfect truth at her trial : " I have never shed blood."

What she wanted, then, was peace ; what she worked for, through

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divine means, was peace ; and since it was acceptable to the Divine Will, she obtained peace. The English had to leave France ; at the very moment when Joan died on the scaffold, the truce, prelude to final peace, was being made, and though Henry's advisers made the mistake of breaking it, in the renewed fight they were dislodged, keeping only Calais—that is to say, nothing.

Thus the spirit of peace, the spirit of unity regulated by counsel as well as by arms this moral disagreement between the two great figures in the European drama. And a day will come when a closer union and great co-operative works will become possible through a better understanding of their mutual duty. It is well that they have matched arms, for thus they have learned from each other the uselessness of their quarrels and the futility of violence ; a day will come when justice will penetrate minds with light, and when the " hereditary enemies " will realise that they are brothers, since these unpredicted echoes are the infinite result of great decisions of history : each of the two great nations going about its own business, the design of Providence will be accomplished.

Fourteen years ago, in the Chemin des Dames, the road which comes from Corberry, I said to the first young English officer whom I had met : " I have been expecting you for five hundred years ! " Four years later I saw the English Army recapture Beaurevoir, that Beaurevoir where Joan, after the taking of Compiègne, was imprisoned.

All of this, accomplished in a brief day of five centuries, is the sublime achievement of Joan of Arc. The heroic mandate unfolding indefinitely shows her to be a peacemaker.

It is for sincere hearts to recognise the divine character of her wisdom.